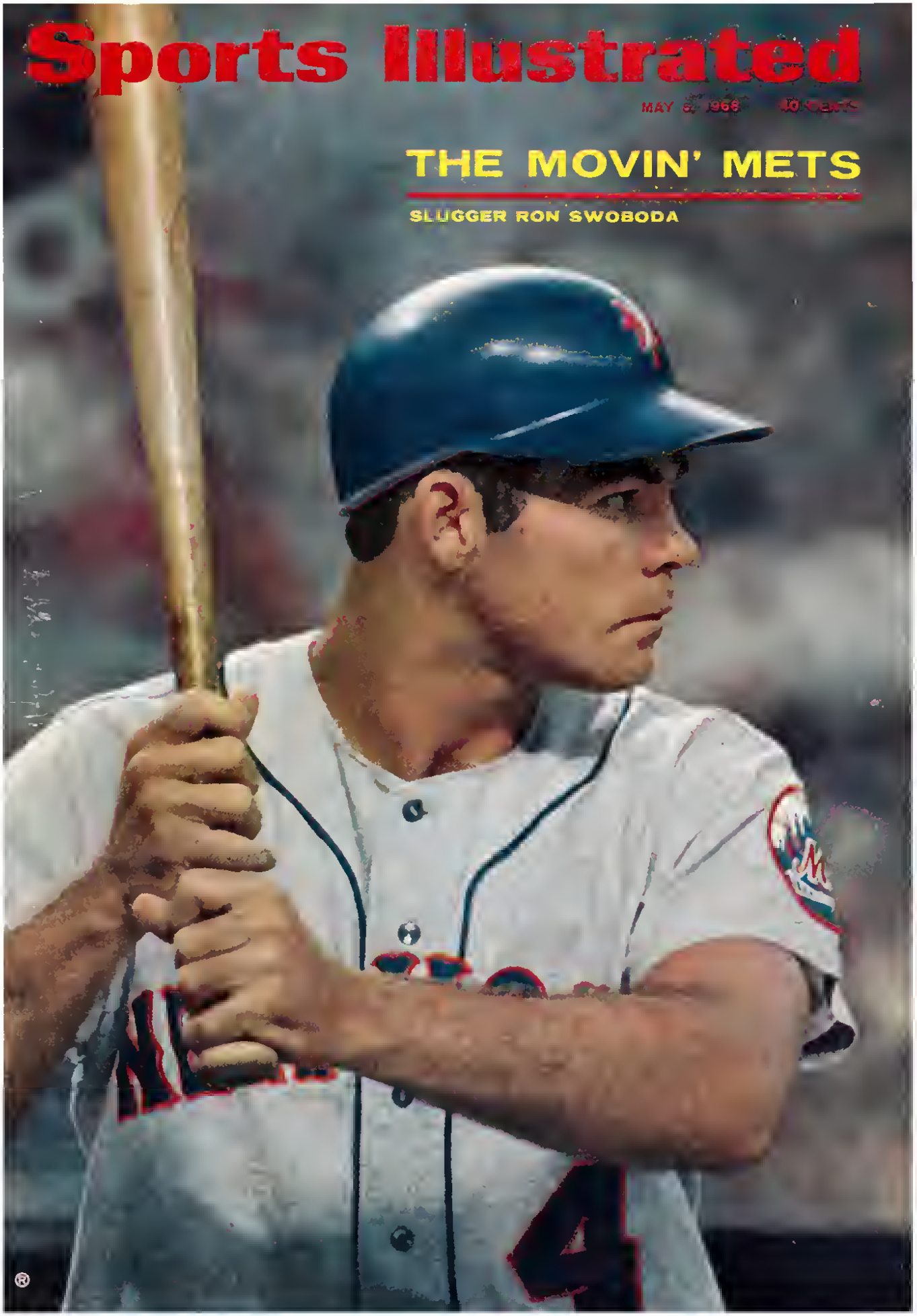

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4



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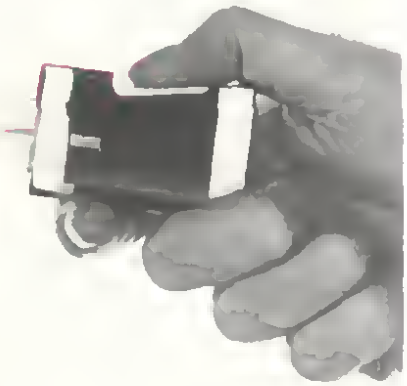
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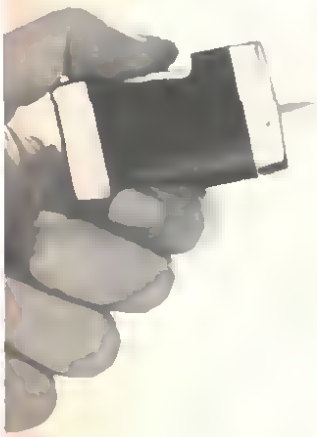


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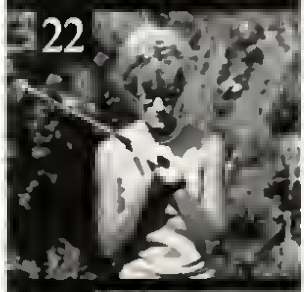
Some men who know tell tales of the English Channel, and what can happen to those who try to swim it

The departments

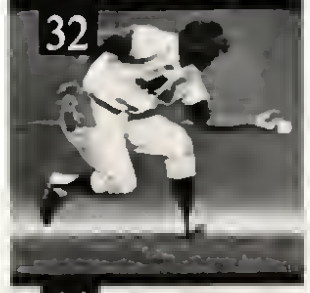
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Next week

THE DERBY REPORT by Whitney Tower and a corps of photographers encompasses the color surrounding the classic and a close look at the action at every significant point.

THE INDY 500 has a war going between the old piston and the new turbine crowds Bob Ottum examines Turbine Impresario Andy Granatelli; Coles Phinizy explains the engine

PRO BASKETBALL crowns a new champion after a seven-month season and a series of playoff upsets. Frank Deford analyzes the opposing tactics in the Lakers-Celtics finale.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WHALL ON DECK

There comes a time for every specialist in journalism when he wants to try his hand at something else in the trade. So it was that Hugh Whall, our ebullient boating writer, left his pier at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED a year ago to take an inside-the-office editorial job with another magazine. "I did it to cut down on my traveling and to see what so-called departmental writing was like," says Whall. "I thought I could simply divorce myself from the world of boating. I found out pretty quick that I couldn't."

No one is happier about that decision than we are. Now Whall is back on the water again for SI, reporting on everything from powerboat racing and experimental hydrofoil and captured air-bubble boats to rowing and sailing. When pressed, Whall concedes that he is somewhat partial to stories on ocean sailing, and this week he presents a detailed report on the blue-water sailors who zip along on top of the waves (and sometimes tragically end up beneath them) in multihulled catamarans and trimarans.

No boats afloat today are more reviled by conventional monohull sailors, yacht-club members, marina operators and sailmakers. Whall says some of their charges are justified, but adds: "The trouble may lie not in the craft but in those who sail them. Well-designed catamarans or trimarans can reach speeds of 20, 25 or even 30 knots, and the men who sail them have to be far more aware of the sea than those who sail single-hulls."

Whall did part of his research for this story aboard Jim (Marshal Dillon) Arness' 58-foot catamaran *Seasmoke*. It was right out of *Mutt and Jeff*. Arness, who is 6′6″, has a well sunk by the wheel so he can get down low enough to steer. Whall, who is 5′4″, had to stand on the well hatch so he could reach *up* to the wheel. "The idea behind *Seasmoke*," Whall reports, "is to make her go faster than any other oceangoing sailboat in history, and she may well succeed. The day I was aboard we got her up to about 17 knots in only a whisper of a breeze. The scary thing about these multihulls is that the sensation of pure speed is so exhilarating that it tends to make anyone but a thoroughly experienced hand lose sight of the inherent dangers."

Despite the hazards, which he describes on pages 44 through 52, Whall was impressed by the multihulls. "They are fantastically comfortable boats," he says. "You fly along flat and level, never fighting uphill as you do in a single-hull, and your speed allows you to *use* the sea more. You can actually surf down the face of a wave. Arness stands at the wheel looking over his shoulder so he can hook onto a big wave at the most opportune time, just like a surfer. Under the same conditions in a single-hull you look back at a monster wave and hope you can get out of the way before it pops you."

When Whall is not busy reporting on other people's boats for us he spends much of his time aboard a very conventional 22-foot midget ocean racer called *Springbok* (after the national symbol of his native South Africa). To date he has sailed her in five races on Chesapeake Bay. His record: two firsts, two seconds and a third.

Gary Valk

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FOOTLOOSE

For a token $2 a day you can rent a cabin in Alaska's wildest wilderness

Tongass National Forest, covering 16 million acres in southeastern Alaska, is by far the largest forest in the nation, a vast outdoor arena for solitude, fishing, hiking, boating, wildlife watching and hunting. For more than 30 years the Forest Service has maintained cabins for the pleasure of wilderness-bound families and groups in this vastness, but until the spring of 1963 few knew about them—or how to reach them.

Now the State of Alaska's new Marine Highway System through southeastern Alaska's Inside Passage, and increased daily jetliner service to Ketchikan and Juneau, and frequent flights to Sitka have suddenly made the Tongass forest highly accessible. Three auto ferries now link the handful of communities that serve as gateways to the bountiful wildlife, glaciated landscapes and historical remnants of the region. Tongass National Forest has responded by increasing to 121 the available cabins.

The cabins can be had on a first-come first-served basis upon reservation for seven days between April 1–October 31 or 10-day stays from November 1–March 31. Big enough for four to eight persons, they were once free for the asking but, in accordance with the Land and Water Conservation Act of 1965, a token daily use fee of $2 per group is now charged. You get the Tongass National Forest "Outlying Cabin" map and full information by writing the Regional Information Officer, U.S. Forest Service, Box 1631, Juneau, Alaska 99801. Reservations should be made 60 days in advance and confirmed within five days of occupancy.

Some of the cabins are log structures dating back to the CCC days of FDR, but most are recently developed, reflecting the changes under way in a very young state. In the last few years construction has been A-frame and cedar plank. All are deeply isolated within the forest.

I last occupied one of the cabins six summers back, by a lake named Jims on Admiralty Island, reached by charter seaplane out of Juneau. Its porch thrust out over a shallow bay of the lake, which made me elect to sleep outside with a groundsheet spread overhead to keep off the frequent rains of southeastern Alaska. Every morning I was awakened by the swishing, champing and snuffling of a moose matron and her gangly-legged calf feeding on lake-bottom growth almost immediately underneath me. It was pretty exhilarating, even for an old Alaska hand. Fishing was so good it got to be a bore, so we hiked out to the upper end of Kootznahoo Inlet on an Indian trail and discovered what I believe is the most beautiful single spot in all Panhandle Alaska—Mitchell's Bay of Kootznahoo. When we returned to camp a couple of days later we found that we had not latched the door securely enough and had been visited by bears in the interim. We spent the remainder of the holiday cleaning up a cabin that was a little the worse for bear wear.

Cabins are equipped with stoves, bunks, fireplaces, outdoor sanitary facilities and great heaps of chopped wood which you replace before you depart. None is wired for electricity. You take in your own bedding, cooking utensils, gasoline lantern and fishing gear. Rain gear and warm clothing are essential for southeastern Alaska weather, which is highly variable. You're encouraged to carry a .30-06 or larger rifle as this is brown-bear country. Give them a wide berth. I'm convinced that bears are considerably more uncomfortable around people than vice versa. Hunting and fishing regulations may be obtained from the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, Subport Building, Juneau 99801. You get lists of charter-plane services from the Chambers of Commerce of the towns. Rates are modest. $45 to $55 an hour in three- or five-passenger float planes. The round trip to most locations takes about an hour.

There are generally boats available on the lakes, but I've known some people who thought it wise to take along a small inflatable raft. The best months are July, August and September. During the latter you can feed luxuriously on native berries: huckleberries, wild raspberries and low-bush blueberries. And you'll eat so much trout and grayling that you'll find yourself getting sick of them. Nevertheless, you'll always be hungry, so take a lot of dehydrated food along—and leave some behind in the cabin for the next camper. I've never gone to one of the cabins without finding a cache of canned goods left by some considerate previous tenant.

In the past the National Forests of contiguous territories have erected "forest shelters" on wilderness trails. These often are crude, offering no more than a shed roof over a stone fire pit. Do not confuse the Tongass' recreation cabins with these backpackers' shelters. The reason for the relative luxuriousness of the Tongass program is the vastness of the area. Scarcity of roads, costs of building and maintaining trails, the climate and safety factors make this the most practical way that people can enjoy southeastern's wilderness.

It is curious that this unique Alaskan asset is so little known. The cabins make a perfect break in a lengthy family vacation, yet not one in 20 Alaska-bound families knows about them. Up to now the principal users have been honeymooning couples from Alaska's "big" cities—Fairbanks and Anchorage.

— Dolly Connelly

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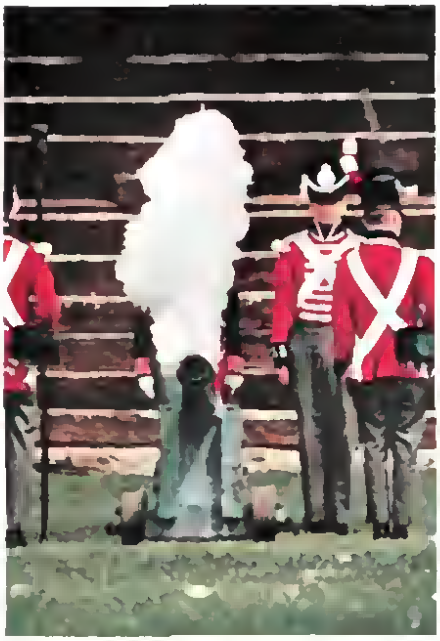
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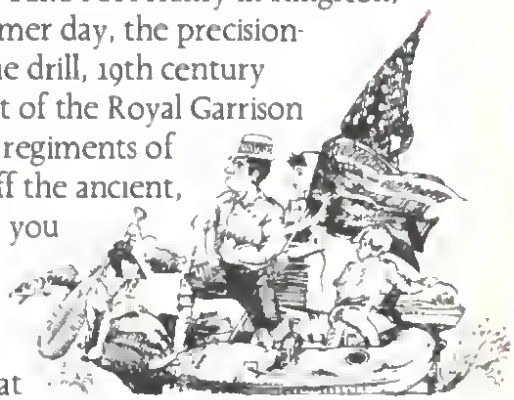
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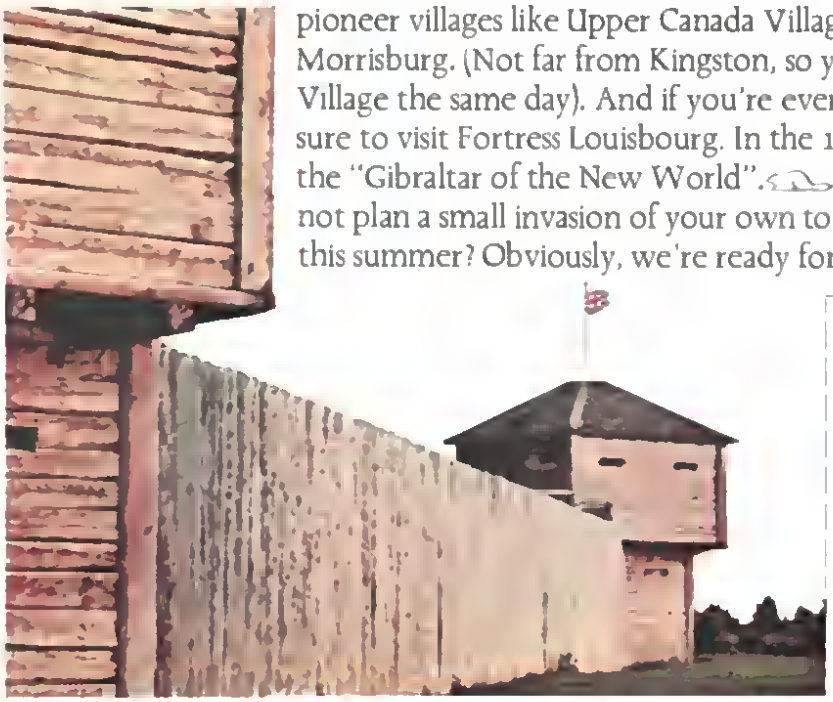




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BOOKTALK

A horse with flat feet who loved to watch birds was one of racing's greats

In the year 1933 a little chestnut horse named Hyperion, ridden by Tommy Weston and carrying the colors of the 17th Earl of Derby, won the race at Epsom that bears the name of that peer's ancestor and went on to become one of the turf's great stallions. In *Hyperion* (J. A. Allen, London £6 6s.) Racing Correspondent Clive Graham of the London *Daily Express* has provided an astonishing amount of information about this famous horse and his descendants.

Born on Good Friday 1930, Hyperion showed so little evidence of distinction that it seemed impossible he should ever become one of the supreme Thoroughbreds in the history of racing. "A little runt of a chestnut colt," he appeared to have every disadvantage. Malformed by modern standards, he had an extra pair of ribs (a throwback to his remote Arab ancestors) and his feet were "flattish, with dropped soles, and therefore vulnerable to bruising."

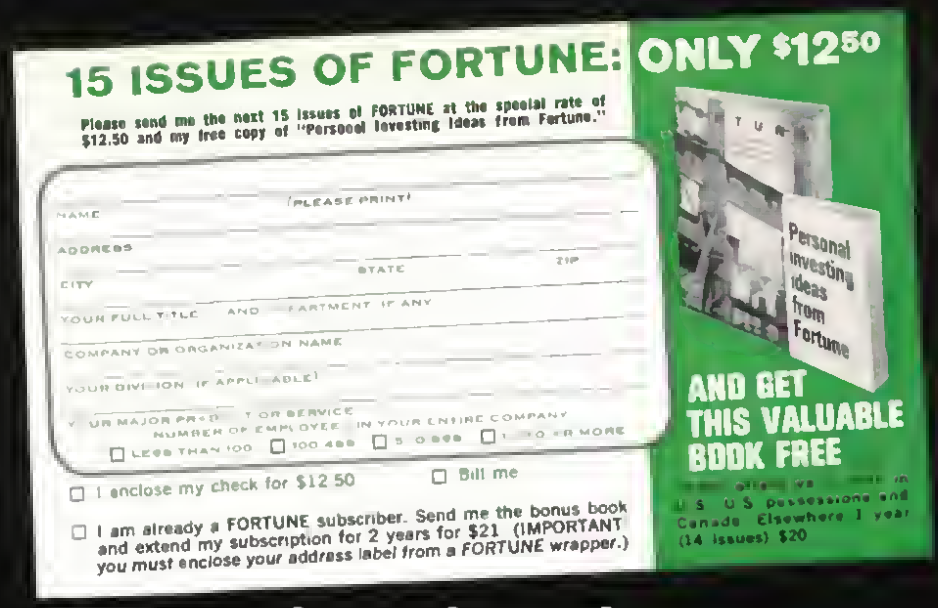
When, at 5 months old, he was sent to join other colts at Newmarket he was too small to reach the feeding trough, so a 3-foot-high wooden manger had to be specially built for him. Some months later he still measured only 14 hands 2 inches, the height of a teen-ager's pony. He loathed exercise. Once, when urged to hurry, he threw his rider and gave a look as though to say, "Don't take liberties with me, young man." Hyperion loved to watch birds fluttering above his head, and airplanes fascinated him.

It was at Doncaster that he first showed promise of his fantastic speed. He was fourth, and for the first time was described as a horse "to follow." After that, he ran in 13 races and won nine of them, worth £29,509.

Hyperion was sent to stud at the age of 4, and between then and his death in 1960 he sired a line responsible for the winners of more than 6,359 races in the U.K. alone. By the end of 1965 the mares sired by his male descendants, which included His Highness, Owen Tudor, Rockefella, Stardust and Tudor Minstrel, had won 2,676½ races. Out of 100 stakes winners belonging to Hyperion's male line in the U.S. in 1965, 68 were the tail-male responsibility of his three sons, Alibhai, Heliopolis and Khaled.

Through Alibhai and his son Your Host, Hyperion was the great-grandsire of Kelso—the world's richest racehorse—and the maternal grandsire of Citation, the turf's first million-dollar winner and a winner of the Triple Crown.

—Maboth Moseley



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SCORECARD

ALL-AMERICA PROBLEM

The newly militant attitude of Negro college athletes, which led to a change of basketball coaches at California, the boycotting of a track meet at the University of Texas at El Paso and an uproar at the University of Washington, has spread to the sport where it could hit the colleges hardest—and in the pocketbook. The sport is football, and the new militancy has evidenced itself at Michigan State, a most unlikely place.

For years the Spartans, determined to make a big splash in the Big Ten, have recruited more Negro athletes than *any other major college. At one point* the majority of Michigan State's starting 22 football players were Negro, and the 1965 championship team had what it called its soul-brother backfield—three Negroes and a Hawaiian. Even Spartan assistant coaches began to get alarmed when Head Coach Duffy Daugherty would constantly appear on magazine covers surrounded by players, and not a white one in sight—the coaches said it hurt them when they tried to get jobs elsewhere.

Duffy knew what he was doing. Michigan State had the winning reputation that it wanted, it was proud of its Negro athletes and it was acutely sensitive to the value of keeping them happy. Thus the surprise last Thursday when LaMarr Thomas, a very fast-footed tailback, led a delegation of 15 to 20 Negro players off the football practice field and into the office of Athletic Director Biggie Munn to make a variety of charges.

As usual, some of the charges had validity: that Negroes were being pressured to take nonacademic snap courses to stay eligible (what other university has offered a degree in mobile-home building?), that the school is not hiring enough Negro coaches (it just accepted its first), that the athletic counselor should have a black assistant, that the school does not have a black trainer or doctor for black athletes. And, as usual, some that sounded silly: that the school discourages Negroes from playing baseball (it doesn't); that the school has never had a black cheerleader.

By late Friday Thomas had agreed to end the proposed boycott of all Spartan sports pending a meeting with Michigan State President John Hannah, who, ironically, is Chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission.

Thomas, who figures to be a star on this year's Spartan team, has long been known as a campus activist—this week's East Lansing joke is that he will make All-America if a way can be found to *get cleats into his sandals. But the mood* that he represents is no joke. Many a college football coach is watching his team on these fine spring practice days and thinking, "If it can happen to Duffy . . ." The result is sure to be a sudden reassessment of a lot of internal collegiate athletic practices.

STROKE OF GENIUS

In bars where the custom is to give regular patrons every fourth drink on the house, the free one is becoming known as a Tommy Aaron—it's the fourth shot that you didn't ask for.

BIG SEASCAPE

Christie's, London's fine-art auctioneers whose fame has been built on selling such works as Monet's *La Terrasse à Ste Adresse* for $1.4 million, is going to auction off a yacht. "From time to time we do strange things," a spokesman for the firm commented when pressed for an explanation. "Once we sold a coffin. It had been prepared for a citizen who made a sudden and miraculous recovery." Then there was the spoon which brought a record price, $5,040.

The ship, *Himesta*, a 361-ton luxury steam yacht, figures to sell for considerably more, something around $100,000. Built in 1902, she is believed to be the oldest craft of her size and kind still in commission. During World War II King George VI used her to inspect the fleet.

and in recent years she has been chartered for cruises in the Mediterranean by the likes of Frank Sinatra, Peter Lawford and the late Porfirio Rubirosa. The man from Christie's says, "*Hinnesta* is worthy of any fine-art salesroom, and it is always good to have a change from Rembrandt."

SMOKED SALMON

Dr. Lauren Donaldson of the University of Washington is using a new method of marking the salmon raised in the college hatchery before releasing them. He uses a kind of miniature branding iron that leaves a permanent X on the side of each fish. The iron, however, is frozen, not heated. Dr. Donaldson is convinced that branding is more reliable and less injurious than previous identifying methods, such as tagging (tags often are lost) or clipping fins (which so upsets a fish's equilibrium that it swims a woozy course for some time).



The university's brand, like a cattle baron's, is registered with the proper agencies, so that Husky salmon can be identified when caught in the sea or when they return to Lake Union to spawn in two years' time.

From now on, podnuh, it's going to be a lot easier rounding up strays.

THE MAKING OF A MANAGER 1968

Several years ago a group of sportswriters attending a baseball banquet decided to start a rumor that Yogi Berra, still a player at the time, was going to be manager of the San Francisco Giants. The rumor spread from coast to coast, and although wire services carried the appropriate denials, a funny thing happened. Berra, long the clown, began taking the idea seriously; others were soon talking about him as a possible manager and, sure enough, one day he wound up in command of the New York Yankees.

The same thing seems to be happening to Wilt Chamberlain. The possibility of Chamberlain becoming the player-coach of the 76ers was broached for the first time a couple of months ago by a Boston newspaperman who was looking for something to fill a column. Nobody had ever seriously thought of the moody Chamberlain as a leader of men. But the story kept getting repeated. Chamberlain now seems to be taking the idea seriously, and if he takes it seriously, the 76ers' management has no choice but to take it seriously. The team's coaching job is vacant (Alex Hannum's contract expired at the end of the season, and he announced he was quitting last Monday).

Asked after the team's playoff loss to Boston if he had considered coaching, Chamberlain replied, "I haven't done too much thinking about anything, except we lost and we shouldn't have lost. I have my particular thoughts on coaching, but I'd rather wait before I personally comment."

In the past Chamberlain has said he did not think the idea of a player-coach was a good one. Now, however, he qualifies his view, observing that "I would think that sometimes a player-coach could be much more of an asset to a team than a poor coach on the bench." Chamberlain is talking hypothetically, he says, but he has been making cryptic statements about the 76ers' fall from power, *i.e.*, "During the last part of the season I thought we were playing on a par [with 1967], but I think there was something missing and I'd rather not go into that something."

Chamberlain has also said he would hate to have to break in a new coach at this stage of his career. Presumably he is not talking of Coach Chamberlain. The other 76er players may be wondering how Wilt could coach them without attending practice sessions. As a Philadelphia rookie, long departed, once said, "One thing you can say about Wilt. He never leaves his game in the gym."

FLAT JOKE

In the Southwest, Texas A&M is thought to have an inflated ego—even by Texas standards. In consequence, it

continued

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often has been the butt of jokes. There is a book called *101 Aggie Jokes*, and not long ago a sequel was published—*Son of 101 Aggie Jokes*.

But the school went out of its way recently to suggest that it is not puffed up at all. An educational television station in Austin asked Southwest Conference teams for autographed footballs which are to be sold for a benefit. Football-sized packages promptly arrived from Rice, Texas, TCU, SMU, Arkansas, Baylor and Texas Tech. But a small flat box came from A&M. It contained a neatly folded deflated football, signed as requested by the A&M team.

One might argue, however, that the Aggies, conference champions, are just saving their hot air.

REVEALING COMPARISON

"If the owners are making a ton, we want a quarter ton," John Gordy, president of the National Football League Players' Association, said last week. "We are taking a militant but reasonable stand in our negotiations." The players' association, which for the first time is being recognized by the owners as the collective bargaining agent for the pros, is seeking, among other things, a $5 million contribution for its pension fund, $500 in salary for each participant in an exhibition game, a $15,000 minimum salary (82% of NFL players make that anyway) and a postseason game between NFL and AFL All-Stars.

Gordy points out that the baseball owners contribute $4.1 million each year to the players' pension fund, but NFL clubs put in only $1.38 million. "This means," he says, "that Frank Howard of the Washington Senators, who has played in the majors for 10 years, will get a pension of $1,287 a month when he is 65. I have played 10 years and will receive only $656. When Howard is 50 years old he will be paid $500 a month. I will get nothing."

Gordy lists other inequities that the players' association hopes to change. Among them: a baseball player receives a month's salary when he is released; a pro football player gets no severance pay. A baseball player traded from an East Coast club to the West Coast receives $1,200 for moving expenses; a football player gets nothing.

The players' association is suggesting that the NFL hasn't been giving the pros the Super Bowl of gold and benefits that

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the league would like to have its fans suppose. So far negotiation meetings have been relatively calm. But they are going to heat up.

TRANSPLANT

In case you have been concerned about the possible disappearance of forests, the weekly Seattle *Argus* has come up with some encouraging tree-growing news from the dense woods of the Northwest. It seems that some 55 million years ago a tree called the metasequoia, or dawn redwood (it is related to both sequoias and redwoods), grew abundantly over Washington and Oregon, appeared in Japan and Manchuria and even grew within eight degrees of the North Pole. Fossil remains have been discovered in New York state and the Nevada desert. The metasequoia was believed to have been extinct for 30 million years until a Chinese forester during World War II found a tree growing in a remote area of Szechwan province. A postwar expedition supported by Harvard's Arnold Arboretum then found a grove of the dawn redwoods in another province and returned with seeds and cuttings. From greenhouse plantings, seedlings were sent to areas where the metasequoia once was a shade tree for dinosaurs.

After 20 years, which is not very long in comparison with 30 million, a metasequoia growing in the backyard of a botanist at Washington State University has reached a respectable height of 25 feet. There is a metasequoia planted 16 years ago at the Hoyt Arboretum in Portland, Ore. that is now 35 feet tall. Another spectacularly revived fossil is growing in the Rhododendron Glen of the University of Washington Arboretum. It is 44 feet high.

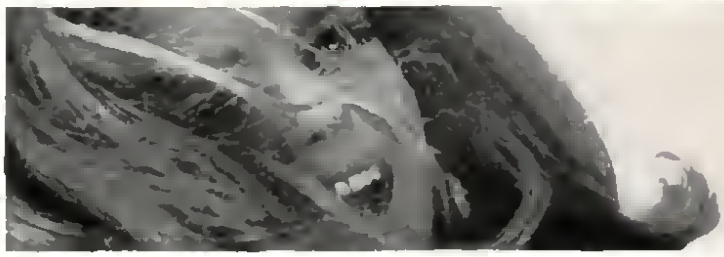
Botanists are considering growing the dawn redwood for commercial use.

THEY SAID IT

• John Kerr, head coach of the new Phoenix team in the NBA, explaining why he declined the Chicago Bulls' offer to move into the front office: "I've seen enough guys who were kicked upstairs and then found out they were working in a one-story building."

• Leon Wagner, Cleveland outfielder, discussing his failure for the fourth straight year to get a raise from Indian President Gabe Paul: "My great thrill is stabilizing the gold drain and keeping from inflating the economy." **END**

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MAY 6, 1968

RIGHT ON THE MONEY

Jimmy Ellis, his days as Muhammad Ali's sparring partner far behind him, crashed home an effective right hand to win the WBA version of the heavyweight championship and, finally, a chance at better paydays **by MARK KRAM**

For the old man life has always been hell. His eyes tell you where he has been, his hands tell you what he has done and even now, though his belly is full, when you look at him you think of lost men plucking guitars on city steps or a kid's empty, mountaineer face caught behind the flutter of a soiled window shade. Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, his eyes always say.

Machines failed, crops failed in the dust. Goodby to all that. He left East Texas for the road, a road of night fires, of boxcars where people killed other people, a road of sadistic railroad bulls. Keep away from Denver Bob, he uses a whip—after he clubs you across the chin. Don't run from Fort Worth Red. With gun or knife, Red never misses.

The old man, Jack Quarry, reached out last week just one more time for a piece of a world that had always been inaccessible. He sent his son, heavyweight Jerry Quarry, out to retrieve his pride, broken a thousand times on a thousand lonely nights, out to make up for all the injustices, all the cold city nights when nobody understood.

Saturday night in Oakland Jerry Quarry, his youth just as unrooted as his father's, his suspicions and resentments just as strong, was out in front of the largest viewing audience in the history of televised sports. From Morocco to Tokyo, people watched him go against Jimmy Ellis for the World Boxing Association's heavyweight championship. He was the white boy, with the crumpling right hand and jaw of ingot, who was to be the key to another abundant, glamorous era in boxing.

To many more, less interested in the status of boxing, those in the large cities and small towns who are scared or just simply combative, he was a symbol. Nowhere was it more evident than in Oakland. The Black Panthers, the militant Negro group, were restless. White vigilante groups, behind curious leadership, demanded recognition. The intense atmosphere did not move Quarry. He accepted no bigoted allegiance and resisted the dementia swirling about him. His behavior glittered.

Quarry's performance in the ring was less striking. A crowd of 14,000 paid to see him exhibit lifelessness, inexperience and much ineffectual punching. It watched Ellis, once almost ruined in the middleweight division, create a tactical masterpiece that, though soporific to television viewers and the live crowd, was demanded against the deadly counterpunching of Quarry. Ellis was intelligent and cruel with his long, slashing right hand. Even more than the right and his ring generalship, his jab was the decisive weapon. His fight belonged to those who appreciate delicate artistry, not to those who only recognize heavy-handed slaughter.

The California judges, as always, remained shamefully insensitive to anything resembling subtlety of skill. The referee scored the fight 7-6 Ellis. One judge had it 10-5 Ellis; another, who should never have been given a pencil, called it a draw, 6-6. "California's a nice place to visit," said one manager, "but put a gun in my back before I fight there." Quarry himself concurred: "If they'd given me the decision, I'd have given it back. I didn't deserve it."

Quarry's candor was refreshing. He knew he did not come close in this fight. Quarry is always waiting to counter, especially on the ropes where he feels secure. He cannot lead and is unskilled at finding openings. Ellis refused to follow him to the ropes, and in a fight cluttered with undramatic moments the most interesting moves came when Ellis would walk backward and leave Quarry hanging bewildered on the ropes. "Let 'im lay there talkin' to himself," screamed Angelo Dundee, Ellis' manager. "Make him fight in the center of the ring."

Ellis, who is a habitual gambler in the ring, for once followed orders. When Quarry did come off the ropes he was confused and his punching was unrhythmic. His usually quick hands were slow and errant. He seldom reached Ellis with the vicious body attack he sometimes has displayed; and his right hand to the head looked like it had an iron weight tied to it. He did catch Ellis with a left hook in the 13th round and then

continued

Landing with the right, as he did often during the fight, Jimmy Ellis twists the head of a grimacing Jerry Quarry, trying gamely to cover up.







followed up with a right hand, but suddenly he dropped his guns. "Quarry had the fist but nothin' up here," said Ellis' cutman, Chickie Ferrara, tapping his finger on his head.

Ellis only occasionally forgot his instructions. Throughout his training he honed his jab and he seldom discarded it during the fight. The most vital blow in boxing, the jab is both an offensive and a defensive measure. It is the one sound opening for every advance; it is also extremely effective in destroying a big puncher's concentration. Ellis' did do that to Quarry. Only a gambler with a big heart can beat the jab. Quarry, whose youth seemed to make gambling easy, has the heart but he refused to move against the jab. Had he taken its sting and pain and stayed on top of Ellis, the fight might have turned around.

Ellis, to be certain, could not gamble in any way against Quarry. He has too much past (a lachrymose career among the middleweights of short money and much punishment) and he does not have enough future. He is 28 now, and he has been a black fighter for over a decade. To be a black fighter, even the least carnivorous of managers will agree, is a "stomped down life, a stone-hard road." Few pamper the black fighter. He has to fight from the moment he steps in a gym. It is an axiom among white fight managers: "You have to find out early if the black boy has any dog in him."

The managers do find out early. But they know, too, that a white fighter remains a property. While often the black boys unload freight or work on the docks during the day, then spend long dreary hours in the gym at night, the white fighter is "romanced"—no job, no fights over his head, the best equipment, expensive sparring partners. Ellis, hardly bitter but certainly no fool, survived this separate and unequal treatment and learned his trade the way few fighters ever do. His two years as Muhammad Ali's sparring partner were another sort of embarrassment. "I have my secret thoughts," says Ellis, "but why bring them out and have them kicked around?"

Ellis' aversion to controversy was sharpened by his time with Ali. The fighters, though friendly, were never close. Often, in camp Ellis seemed to be just a phlegmatic, machinelike figure, but he was never obsequious to Ali. That alone separated him from those who fluttered about the champion. With Ellis it was a matter of holding on to his pride.

"We were in Chicago," says fighter Willie Johnson, "in trainin'. One day Jimmy belts Ali right on the chin. Ali's legs do this little number and he fall right into the ropes. He weren't seein' nothin'. He was stone-cold shook up. But that was nothin' the way Herbert Muhammad, his manager, was. Right off, Herbert, well he want Jimmy out of the camp. Jimmy needed the job, but he wouldn't go see nobody and play up to them. Herbert cooled but he didn't let Jimmy work for a few days."

There were other tense moments in Ellis' relationship with Ali. When Ali still had the house in Miami and Ellis was working with him, there was quiet exchange over second-class treatment. At meals the guests, brothers and various backslappers were served first. Often, when it came time for the sparring partners to eat, there was not much left. Ellis put up with this for a while, then one day announced he was going into town for his supper. This dinner protocol and his sleeping quarters—the size of a closet—were soon changed.

"I was made out to be nothin' but a sparring partner," says Ellis. "It bothered me to be run down like that. I was more than that. I knew it. I think I've proven that now."

Before last week's fight Ellis seemed quite annoyed at the unceasing "white hope" prattle, even though Quarry bluntly refused the odious designation, thus mollifying the bellicose Black Panthers. More than anything, what disconcerted Ellis was the fact that Quarry had a large following among the black population in Oakland. "If Quarry wins, boxing will be great again," said one black man in the gym. A black fighter countered: "Us spooks is like crabs in a can. One tries to climb out and five others reach up and pull him back."

Ellis is now too far along to be pulled back by anybody. He, like Quarry, received $125,000 for the fight, and Ellis is only interested in the money. He has become the black fighter who grabs the money and runs. He is not interested in becoming a legend. The heavyweight title, suddenly awash in chaos and backdoor politics, will be difficult to reunite. Ellis is the WBA's champion, Joe Frazier holds the title in five states and Ali, exiled and smothering in a morass of litigation, is the champion of the "thinking" part of the universe. Nobody, of course, has accused those who legislate in boxing of ever having a single sensible or unselfish idea calculated to dispel the confusion.

It is fairly certain that an Ellis-Frazier fight is quite remote. Sports Action, Inc., which packaged the tournament, will try desperately to make the bout, but the people behind each fighter will be inordinately recalcitrant. The eight-man WBA tournament, despite some dismal performances and severe losses absorbed by Sports Action, can be viewed as a success if only because it brought movement to the heavyweight division. Constant coverage on ABC television helped and the ratings—three fights drew the highest ratings in ABC's sports programming for the year—indicate a respectable growth in boxing interest. The packagers have profited from the tournament. Sports Action will make $100,000, admittedly a meager sum for one year's work. But one guesses the Sports Action people are relieved they no longer have to deal with the Quarry family.

Father Jack and his family, 41 strong including relatives, are pleasant, passionate and tribal people. The championship for Jerry meant much to Jack. With victory, he finally would be convinced that he was an entity, that he belonged to a world that had rejected him. He came to California, just off of a boxcar, with an East Dallas pocketknife and the clothes on his back. But now he was not a man to be taken lightly. He had his own ideas on what came next and who would reap the benefits of his son's ascendancy. But there was not much illusion left in him, and he knew when the dream had died.

"Tell you this, I give the fight to Ellis 8-6," said Father Jack, his hands twisting over his knuckles. Each knuckle had a letter on it, and when the hands were extended the letters read: Hard Luck. The city nights, you could tell, were still cold, and people were sitting inside bright, warm houses and Jack Quarry was very hungry. **END**

New champion Ellis (above), his arms supported in victory salute, manages a weak smile as loser Quarry, tired and dejected, bows over ropes.

THE FIRST OPEN MAKES ITS MARK

The tournament at Bournemouth, England that brought together pros and amateurs became more than an experiment when young Mark Cox upset Pancho Gonzalez and Roy Emerson in successive matches

by C. M. JONES

Open tennis began to smoke last October, when Britain first announced that in 1968 she would be going it alone. It slowly smoldered until the International Lawn Tennis Federation said "yes" in March, and it finally burst into flame at 3:53 p.m. on Wednesday, April 24, when Mark Cox attempted a passing shot down Pancho Gonzalez' backhand sideline.

Already Cox had surprised his firmest supporter, his wife Alison, by reaching match point. Surprise rose to sheer disbelief when a tired Gonzalez volleyed the ball beyond the sideline to establish Cox as the first amateur ever to beat a professional in championship tennis.

For over 30 years tennis fans had been fed the nonstop story of professional superiority. From Vines through Budge, Riggs, Kramer, Gonzalez, Rosewall and Laver, the constant cry had been, "He's the world champion," and, so persuasive was the advocacy, most believed the claim to be true. Cox proved there are loopholes.

Fate and not a little devious British guile decreed that Bournemouth should provide this first open test. A smart, successful holiday resort nestling on England's sunny southwestern coast, its 150,000 inhabitants include a goodly measure of retired and aged service personnel. High among their delights rank the annual British Hard Court Tennis Championships at the treelined, gracious West Hants club. There, since 1926, legendary giants like René Lacoste, Frederick Perry and Jaroslav Drobny have established traditions in keeping with worldwide amateur tennis conservatism. Would the colonels and their ladies accept the "open" revolution or simply snort and stay at home?

The answer quickly came. Two stick-assisted septuagenarians, who hobbled their way to the ticket office at 8 a.m. one Sunday weeks before the meeting, began setting a pattern that ended with advance bookings totaling $15,600. This was $1,200 more than the highest total sale at any previous Bournemouth hard court championships. By the time gates were shut on finals day gross gate receipts had reached $28,872, or twice as much as the previous record and almost three times the 10-year average of $11,270.40.

Such interest should have merited a pompous opening—perhaps an avenue of trumpeters from clubhouse to center court. Instead, open tennis almost crept in unnoticed. While a galaxy of columnists, with millions of readers spread from Australia to the U.S. and back again to Italy, Germany, France, Turkey and all points North and West, awaited the appearance of Australia's Fred Stolle and his amateur adversary, Peter Curtis of England, Owen Davidson, coach of Britain's Davis Cup team, and one of his star pupils, John Clifton, began play on the secondary court spread before the wooden Edwardian clubhouse. At precisely 1:43 p.m. Clifton served to Davidson's backhand, raced for the net and ended a five-shot rally with a kill well beyond Davidson's reach. The first line of "open" history had been written.

Twice on that first day it seemed a professional giant would tumble. Stolle to Curtis and Andres Gimeno to Stanley Matthews, son of Sir Stanley Matthews of world soccer fame. Neither professional enjoyed the experience. "I was under such heavy pressure all the time because he had nothing to lose," wailed Stolle. "If I'd been beaten I would have been blasted all the way from London to Sydney. They would have taken it out not on me but on the whole professional game. I lost concentration a hundred times wondering what they would write in Sydney if I lost."

Somehow the pros survived this and the second day, too, so that starting the third day they were slightly bloodied but still unbowed. Then into the picture stepped a blond, crinkly-haired, economics graduate from Cambridge University, who is nearing the end of the two-year tennis trial he has set himself. Suddenly the first open was something more than an experiment.

Born in Leicester, a thriving English industrial city, in 1943, Cox displayed an inherent ball sense and timing ability while he was still a child and he showed a far-above-average talent for soccer, cricket and badminton. However, Cox believes that heredity has an immense effect on human personality, and with good reason. His father, Leslie Cox, a personnel manager and night-school teacher, gave him his first tennis lessons. A stylist, Cox Sr. hordered on county class when younger. Marian Cox, Mark's mother, was less skilled on a tennis court, but the Cox dining-room sideboard is amply laden with prizes she won for running. So when Cox took up the game at 8 he had behind him the solid athletic background common among the Australians, who so often dominate the world tennis scene.

A glittering junior career pointed toward his becoming a tennis specialist, but Cox had other ideas. They included possession of a white Jaguar car, and he decided there were quicker and safer ways of acquiring one of these than through tennis. So, resisting great pressures to become a touring amateur, Cox showed that his equable exterior cloaked a strong determination. He crammed for and obtained a place at Downing College, Cambridge, from which he graduated as a Bachelor of Arts in June 1966. Marrying his only ever girl friend, Alison Stroud, on his 23rd birthday, Cox embarked on a "success in two years or quit" tennis program.

At first triumph followed triumph, with the 1966 U.S. Championships at Forest Hills as one of the highlights. There he beat Tony Roche and won the first two sets against John Newcombe before losing in the quarter-final. In 1967 he was less successful, and by the end of that year he considered quitting.

"But I love the challenge of tennis, so I continued," he explained. He did

not improve noticeably until the Carlhe Hilton tournament in Puerto Rico in early April, where wins against Jim McManus and Allen Fox gave him the title

Arriving at Bournemouth with confidence rising, Cox saw that he was scheduled to play Pancho Gonzalez in the second round Uncertainty about the implications of playing for hefty cash prizes instead of for IETI-specified expenses had led countless friends to advise Cox to accept the $120 legitimate expenses assured by his nomination for the official British team competing in Bournemouth Now seeing his name against Gonzalez he felt this was doubly good insurance Never having seen him play except on television, I did not know what to expect," Cox explained thoughtfully " I was very impressed when I watched him win his first round, and when we began our match I was very conscious I was playing the great Gonzalez "

"At the start I tried to do too much, which is always the case when you are playing someone who you think is vastly superior to yourself When he took the first set at love, I felt humiliated and thought I was in for a 6 0, 6 0, 6 0 whitewashing Then I hit a few shots in, he began to make errors and he grew less and less sharp as the match wore on I was aware he wasn't very fit but his shots are so perfect, so beautifully produced I didn't think I would win until he hit the last ball out "

Ironically, Gonzalez had talked, 24 hours earlier, of the inevitability of an amateur beating a professional sooner or later " It had to happen to someone so it might as well be me " he now philosophized "This fellow played really well "

Rod Laver, who lost to Ken Rosewall in the finals, said at the start of the week "It's great to be back in the great tennis centers, but I think it unfortunate we haven't got a better draw of amateurs " Laver was so sure that Cox's win over Gonzalez was a fluke he didn't even bother to see Cox play Roy Emerson the next day So he missed the tennis treat that thrilled a capacity 3,500 center-court crowd and countless millions on the television network

Except for a spell in the third set, Emerson was never in the match "I didn't know what was happening, Emerson said dejectedly He looked as if he had so much time and confidence he could have had a cup of tea and still had time to reach the ball and hit winners "

Cox remained cautious saying, "I still don't know if I am in their league The professionals are playing under so much pressure they must feel they have lead weights on their legs His caution proved warranted the next day when Laver concentrating fiercely from start to finish ended Cox's days of glory beating him 6 4 6 1 6 0 He is a great player," Cox said admiringly " It just shows how much I must learn if I am going to be able to compete in these standards

Typically, Cox had not wasted any time As they left the court he asked Laver what he might do next to improve and listened attentively to the 10-minute lecture that followed Cox's presence cost the professionals $600 in singles prizes an amount promoter George MacCall will have to make good

I usually sleep on the 10 hour jet journey from Los Angeles to London, MacCall said on arrival in Bournemouth But when I read of Cox's win over Emerson just before boarding I couldn't rest at all wondering what he might do to the others But he has put tennis on the front pages of newspapers all over the world, and that's just great for open tennis " **END**



Though he has shown promise for several years few were aware of Cox until Bournemouth

RELAX, GIRLS, IT'S A MANN'S WORLD

Carol Mann is currently the best player on the women's pro tour, which grows richer despite 'shoot-downs' by the PGA

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

One night last winter Carol Mann was invited to appear on Johnny Carson's TV show, but at the last moment she was told that her services were not needed. "I knew they had gotten somebody better," says Miss Mann, "so I watched that night. The guy who replaced me played a homemade harmonica. The thing looked like a sweet potato."

For years that has been the story of the women's pro golf tour. While the men are winning $50,000 in a single tournament, starting corporations and flying their own jets, the women are losing out to harmonica players. But as the touring ladies moved into Raleigh last week, there were signs- dollar signs, to be exact—that Johnny Carson should pay attention to.

Listen to Lennie Wirtz, the girls' tour director, father confessor, clothes coordinator and, more often than he would like, nursemaid. "When I started out here in 1961, we played for $186,000 in total purses. Only two tournaments were worth more than $10,000. Now we don't book an event for anything less than $12,500, and this season we are sure to make more than half a million. The galleries are larger, and the whole tour is getting more attention. One reason is that the girls are taking an active part instead of saying, 'I don't give a damn.' We're not so obscure anymore, everyone is working on promotion and the girls are finally getting credit for being people rather than a bunch of Amazons. We're getting there."

For Wirtz and the 35 to 40 regular touring pros, "there" is where the TV money is. The LPGA came within a hairpin of a $115,000 contract with Shell's *Wonderful World of Golf* last December, but the idea for the series—elimination matches involving 12 women and 12 men pros resulting in eight winners pairing off for a mixed Scotch foursome tournament—was turned down by the PGA Tournament Committee. The rejection was, as they say in the college dorms, a nifty shoot-down, but the girls have not taken their jilting silently.

"Gardner Dickinson came out with the statement that it would hurt the men's professional image to play with us, and that the women shouldn't be getting so much money," says Kathy Whitworth, president of the LPGA. "We were plenty mad at the time, but maybe we're better off this way. Now we know where we stand with the men. We know we're not going to get any help from them, and we'll have to do it on our own. Well, that's fine."

Having found out where they stood with the men—nowhere—the ladies settled down to battling among themselves for the half a million dollars on their 32-stop tour. Last week's tournament in Raleigh was the sixth this year, and as it began it was evident that only the number of free cars allotted to contestants during the tour (up from 10 to 20, Carson take note) had changed. Most of the faces were the same.

For instance, there was Betsy Rawls, shooting 69 on opening day and proving the old gang wasn't still around just to talk about sun visors, wooden shafts and how it used to be. There was Marlene Hagge, with her orange pigtails and her neat curves and most of the men in the gallery in her "army." There was the goddess, Sharron Moran, last year's Rookie of the Year, with her glowing



Carol Mann rates femininity first, golf second.

teeth and [illegible]. And there [illegible] Donna Caponi, the best of the great Italian sand players, acting like a refugee from Rowan and Martin with lines such as, "Hi, I'm Donna Caponi from beautiful downtown, sock it to me, sock it to me, Burbank, California."

There were a couple of new faces, of course, girls who were making their presence felt by vastly different methods. Red-haired Sandra Post from Canada has had finishes of 12th, 10th and seventh. Until withdrawing from Raleigh because of illness, she was off to the hottest start of any rookie since Clifford Ann Creed finished fifth on the official money list in 1963.

Another newcomer is making a different sort of impact. Sue Dobson, a 25-year-old stewardess on leave from United Airlines, got a big $1,500 chunk from an advertising agency in Chicago for posing for 27 rolls of color film in her little blue coffee, tea or milk uniform while holding various golf clubs. But the stewardess' pictures have not been placed well with the media, and Sue's game is, well, coffee, tea or milk. She has broken 80 just twice in 17 rounds with a high finish of 35th.

Perhaps the most noteworthy development on the tour so far is that the two-way battle for supremacy between Kathy Whitworth and Mickey Wright has been expanded to include a third. Carol Mann, the 6'3", effervescent blonde who won the 1965 Women's Open. Kathy won the first tournament of the year, but Mickey Wright responded by winning the next two before dropping out with an infected eyelid. Meanwhile, two weeks ago in Atlanta, Carol Mann shot an amazing 66-66-68 to win by 10 strokes, then followed that with a second straight win last week in Raleigh. She is now the tour's leading money winner and certainly one of its most colorful personalities.

"Once you meet Carol Mann you never forget her," said Lennie Wirtz. "She can be the next Babe Zaharias for us."

Carol's startling score at Atlanta was evidence of a natural talent that has always been present but which in one way or another has failed to display itself with much consistency until recent years. She joined the tour out of Towson, Md., in 1960 but was unable to win a [illegible] tournament until four years later. Her teacher, Manuel de La Torre of Milwaukee, rearranged her entire [illegible] in 1965 and she went out and won the Lady Carling and the Women's Open. Despite disc trouble in her back that keeps recurring, Carol has won nine tournaments since and has averaged almost $23,000 in official money over the past three years. Last season her total earnings were second only to Kathy Whitworth's. She has surpassed Mickey Wright as the longest hitter on the tour, and may soon match Mickey in the other elements of the game as well.

"I hope Atlanta was a turning point for me," Carol said last week. "Everything seemed to come together there and I had the most fun I've ever had on a course. It's always been a mental thing with me. Probably Lennie Wirtz is right. He's always said I've been afraid to play too well. I have kept a rein on myself, I know, because my nature is not one of being completely competitive. Being the best is nice, and all, but it's a [illegible] been for other people. I worry all the time about being able to [illegible].

Carol says her height constantly makes her self-conscious, but her clothes tend to accentuate her size while at the same time complementing it. She is one of the few players to wear culottes on the course at all times, and they give her a fine sense of femininity that is not always easy to find on the women's tour.

"I know I have the longest legs in the whole world," she says, "but they're kind of nice legs. And I think the skirts look so much better than old shorts. I also wear tinted hose to match the skirts. One stop near a bush with those babies and there goes a run and four dollars, but I don't care. We all should try to look more feminine out here. Being thought of as anything other than a woman absolutely frosts me."

When she says that she smiles a pleasant, pretty smile that has got to be more fun to look at than any harmonica player in the world. **END**



Kathy Whitw[illegible] the LPGA w[illegible] wanted, not share TV money.

AT LAST, A DERBY COLT TO BEAT

After months of false hopes, inconclusive races, do-nothings and dropouts the Kentucky Derby now has a horse at whom everyone can take aim. If he wins, there will be familiar colors in the winner's circle **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Barely a month ago the management of Churchill Downs, where the 94th Kentucky Derby will be run this Saturday, was facing a serious danger of overpopulation. Aside from the standard headache brought on by excessive demands for reserved seats, there arose the problem of how to accommodate an expected record number of starters in the race. Two starting gates abreast could handle 26 horses, and the way candidates kept popping up in New York, Florida, California, Maryland and finally in Kentucky itself, it seemed that even this number might be exceeded. If so, it was suggested, why not do away with the gates and start them all from a barrier the way it used to be done?

Luckily, this won't be necessary. Not only is the 1928 record of 22 starters safe, but the 1968 field will almost surely fit comfortably into one 14-stall gate. Furthermore, one outstanding favorite has at last emerged. He is Calumet Farm's Forward Pass. Only a colt with the courage and stamina to beat him has a chance to take home the cash and the roses.

In the two months preceding this Derby at least a dozen among a near-record 191 nominees appeared qualified to succeed. Then, because they couldn't win often enough, because of untimely injuries or even because of the prudence of a few wise owners, many suddenly became noncandidates. Among those whose owners chose not to run were last year's 2-year-old champion Vitriolic, the Santa Anita star Dewan, the Flamingo winner Wise Exchange and the Garden State winner Bugged. A lot of riffraff also dropped by the wayside in recent weeks, but the prospect was for one of the dullest Derbies in years, contested by horses of little or no class.

But last Thursday at Kentucky's Keeneland track Forward Pass changed all this with one of the finest pre-Derby races in many a season as he won the Blue Grass in near track-record time of 1:47⅘. In addition, though a majority of horsemen believe Forward Pass has a virtual lock on the race, almost as many concede a pretty good chance to his chief rival, Peter Fuller's Wood Memorial winner Dancer's Image. Finally, Captain's Gig, whose troublesome legs had made him a questionable Derby starter, won his third race in a row on Saturday. His admirers are now persuading themselves that this unseasoned sprinter is capable of carrying his speed for a mile and a quarter, though he has never raced beyond one mile.

All of this adds up to a well-fought Derby with Forward Pass the horse to beat. This big bay, a powerful 16 hands and 2 inches, has three factors in his favor: impeccable breeding, first-rate handling and a record of racing consistency. It has been said that Forward Pass is an in-and-out runner, yet in 17 lifetime races he has won seven and has never been worse than fourth. The most important part of that record is the fact that Forward Pass won his last two starts after Trainer Henry Forrest cured him of a tendency to lug in by using blinkers with full cups.

Forrest, a 60-year-old Kentuckian who has won more races at Churchill Downs than any trainer in history, is no stranger to the Derby winner's circle. Two years ago, the first time he started a colt in the classic, he won with Mike Ford's Kauai King. Now Calumet's full-time trainer, Forrest believes Forward Pass is an even better horse.

"At least he's more on his toes," says Henry. "Kauai King was a nonchalant type. Forward Pass was a little slow in developing, like his sire, On-and-On. But his grandsire was Nasrullah, and he's got some of that temperament." On-and-On was the son of Nasrullah and a glorious mare named Two Lea, among whose accomplishments were 15 wins, earnings of $309,250 and the production of Calumet Farm's last Derby winner, Tim Tam. Nasrullah has yet to sire a Derby winner, but his sons include Nashua and Never Bend (both second) and Bold Ruler (fourth). Forward Pass's dam, Princess Turia, was a champion race mare in her own right.

In the Blue Grass, Forward Pass was nothing less than sensational. With Milo Valenzuela substituting for regular Jockey Donald Brumfield, who was sidelined by food poisoning, Calumet's devil-red-and-blue silks showed first at the break and there was simply no catching the big colt. Charles Engelhard's Alley Fighter first took up the chase and was the first to retire, finishing a dead-tired fourth. Then T. V. Commercial gave it



try and actually got to within a length of Forward Pass around the three-eighths pole. At that point Milo gave Forward Pass a couple of quick raps with his stick and the race was over. He won by five lengths over T. V. Commercial, with Francie's Hat another half a length back, followed by Alley Fighter and Gleaming Sword. The winner covered nine furlongs in the fastest time of any Derby candidate this year. "He reminded me a lot of Tim Tam," said Valenzuela after the race, "and I wouldn't mind riding him again. But Brumfield has the mount and he deserves it."

Two days after the Blue Grass, Forrest informed Brumfield that he and Calumet Owner Mrs. Gene Markey had decided that Valenzuela would ride Forward Pass in the Derby. They did so, said Forrest, because Brumfield probably would not be up to full strength in time. Then they let Brumfield, a forlorn and sick young man, make the announcement to the press that he was taking himself off the horse of his own volition. "These things happen in racing," said Don bravely. "But there'll be other Derbies. Don't write that I'm being a good sport. Just say I didn't feel up to it, and that this will work out for the best."

If Forward Pass wins the Derby, and with it a pot of around $120,000, Calumet will undoubtedly offer Brumfield suitable remuneration. Exactly 10 years ago this week Jockey Bill Hartack, who had fractured a leg in a starting-gate accident, was replaced on Derby co-favorite Tim Tam by an eager young rider named Milo Valenzuela. Milo won while Hartack watched the race from the press box. Later Mrs. Markey rewarded Hartack with a check for $5,000.

"This isn't a question of money," said Forrest. "It is simply that if the Derby came down to a hard finish, Don might not have the strength and Milo would. If Don rode him and lost, the monkey would be on my back. Even though the defeat might not be his fault, there would be a lot of criticism all the way around."

I expect that most of the talk after this Derby will be that Forward Pass was just too damn good. The colt with the best chance of beating him, Dancer's Image, [illegible] made his last two starts his most impressive races. The good-looking gray will be a popular colt in Louisville. He is a son of the great Native Dancer, who suffered the only loss of a distinguished career in the 1953 Derby when he failed to catch Dark Star. In the Wood Memorial, Dancer's Image nailed Iron Ruler inside the 16th pole after the latter held a four-length lead.

One obvious question is: how good is Iron Ruler? He clearly was moved too soon in the Wood and had nothing left at the finish. My impression is that Iron Ruler is a cut below the top pair. What should help his chances, however, is a switch in riders from Angel Cordero, Jr. to Braulio Baeza, who is not apt to make any premature moves. Dancer's Image will like the distance, and his jockey, Bobby Ussery, knows his way around Churchill Downs. He won the Derby last year on Proud Clarion with as skillful a ride as you'd ever want to see.

The mystery horse in this year's Derby is Captain's Gig, owned by Captain Harry F. Guggenheim whose Dark Star

continued

Slamming for home in the Blue Grass at Keeneland, Forward Pass finishes the fastest nine furlongs run by a Derby candidate this season



hung that defeat on Native Dancer just 15 years ago. If he survives Derby Week —and there are veterinarians on the ground who say it will be a miracle if his right front hoof holds together until post time—Captain's Gig will provide plenty of excitement. He is quick, shifty and very fast and does his running on the front end. His jockey, Manuel Ycaza, says, "He's on the muscle right now and at least acts like he wants to go on. He's won all three of his starts this year. So let's say we're on third base now and there's only one way to go—to find out if he can get home. We've got to try him in the Derby. And who wants to win a Derby more than me?"

It is difficult to work up much enthusiasm for any of the other half a dozen horses. At week's end Charles Engelhard still had an entry going for him, but it was more than likely that the better half of the team, Alley Fighter, would be declared out and only Jig Time would go. Millard Waldheim's T. V. Commercial, second in the Blue Grass, didn't appear to be making up ground in the run to the wire. He hasn't won in five starts this year, and the Derby is not the race to snap this streak. C. V. Whitney's Gleaming Sword, fifth in the Blue Grass, spent much of the race stargazing. California's Proper Proof and Don B., who ran one-two in the April 20th California Derby at Golden Gate Fields, have struck no terror among the opposition. Proper Proof worked so poorly one day that he was scheduled for a final test in this week's one-mile Derby Trial. Kentucky Sherry, winner of the Louisiana Derby, probably should have remained in the bayou country.

Derby history reveals that a long shot often runs in the money even if he is not a winner like Dark Star. In the last 10 years the list of those who wound up on the board paying handsome dividends includes Lincoln Road, Roman Line, Dapper Dan, Advocator and Barbs Delight. The best bets to do that this year are Francie's Hat, Trouble Brewing and T. V. Commercial.

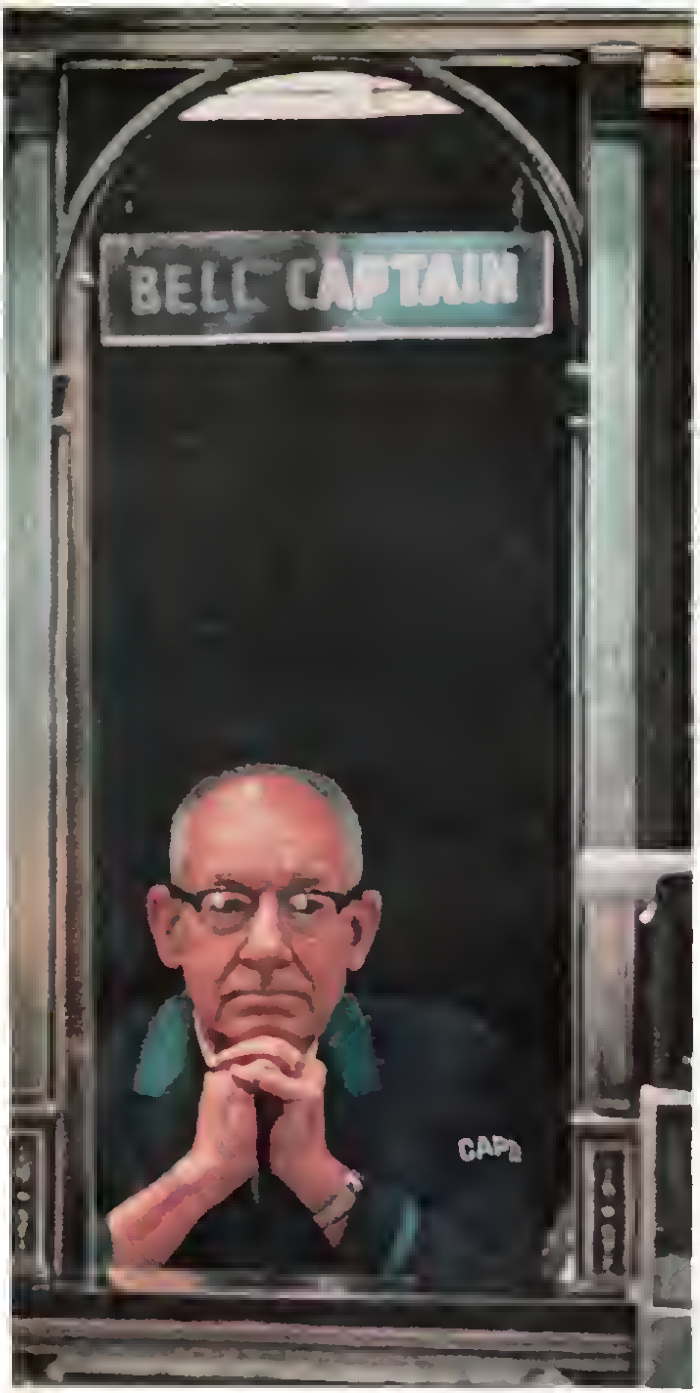
I expect a race that starts with Captain's Gig setting the pace. Iron Ruler and Verbatim won't be far away, at least for the first mile. But Milo Valenzuela will not be deceived by fast early fractions. When Dancer's Image, Proper Proof and perhaps Jig Time make their late moves, Milo and Forward Pass should withstand the charge.

THE ROSE THIS YEAR IS FOREVER YOURS

Eerly in May millions of Americens who skip cesuelly over the recing news for 51 weeks suddenly become Thoroughbred experts, tossing ebout recetrack petois like Kentucky herdboots. Ceught up in the growing enticipetion of the Derby they become instently femilier with the nemes of jockeys and horses end the owners of femous recing silks. Even so, few heer of people like Mrs. Kingsley Welker, who is en invisible but vitel pert of Derby tradition. Over the pest 35 yeers Mrs. Welker hes sewn 22,000 roses into gerlends for the winning horse end bouquets for his jockey. She is extremely proud of her work end does not cere to disclose the exact procedure she follows. But she does reveel thet, ebout every five or six yeers, she chenges the strein of rose she uses beceuse, efter thet time, the strein runs out and the roses turn purple end then pinkish. This yeer's roses ere Forever Yours, end ebout 500 of them will go into the winner's gerlend. It will be put together on Friday and kept in the refrigerator overnight. Seturday will bring fruition to the efforts of others besides Mrs. Welker. For meny emong them the people shown on the following pages. Derby Dey in Louisville is the sporting summit of the year.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE







"The town isn't as wild as it used to be at Derby time, and celebrities don't come in as early," says Bell Captain Abe Atkinson, a 30-year veteran at Louisville's once-elegant Brown Hotel, which also isn't what it used to be. But Atkinson dourly admits, "We still make a few extra bucks." He has been so occupied over the years that he has never seen the race.

White-haired Wathen Knebelkamp saw his first Derby in 1911 and will see his 48th this week. As head of Churchill Downs he is a congenial host, but risks making enemies this year with his ruling that beer may not be carried into the track's infield, which usually is jammed and hot. Someday he hopes to add 50,000 seats to the existing 43,000 in the ancient plant.





Alley Fighter is a tough little colt, a son of Rough'n Tumble, who died last month at age 20. Getting him to the Derby (one of 191 originally nominated) will be a milestone for all three of his principals. Owner Charles Engelhard (far left) has never had a Derby starter or seen a Derby run; Jockey Leffit Pincay Jr. has never ridden in one; MacKenzie Miller (below), who acquired much of his early savvy at Derby-wise Calumet Farm, has not had a starter in 18 years as a trainer. Engelhard is chief stockholder in Engelhard Industries, with major holdings in platinum, palladium, gold and silver (those are coils of silver wire around him). Living abroad much of the time, he has raced horses successfully in France and England—winners like Indiana, Romulus and Ribocco—and invested $6 million in the sport in six years. "Needless to say," Mack Miller understates it, "we're all pretty excited."









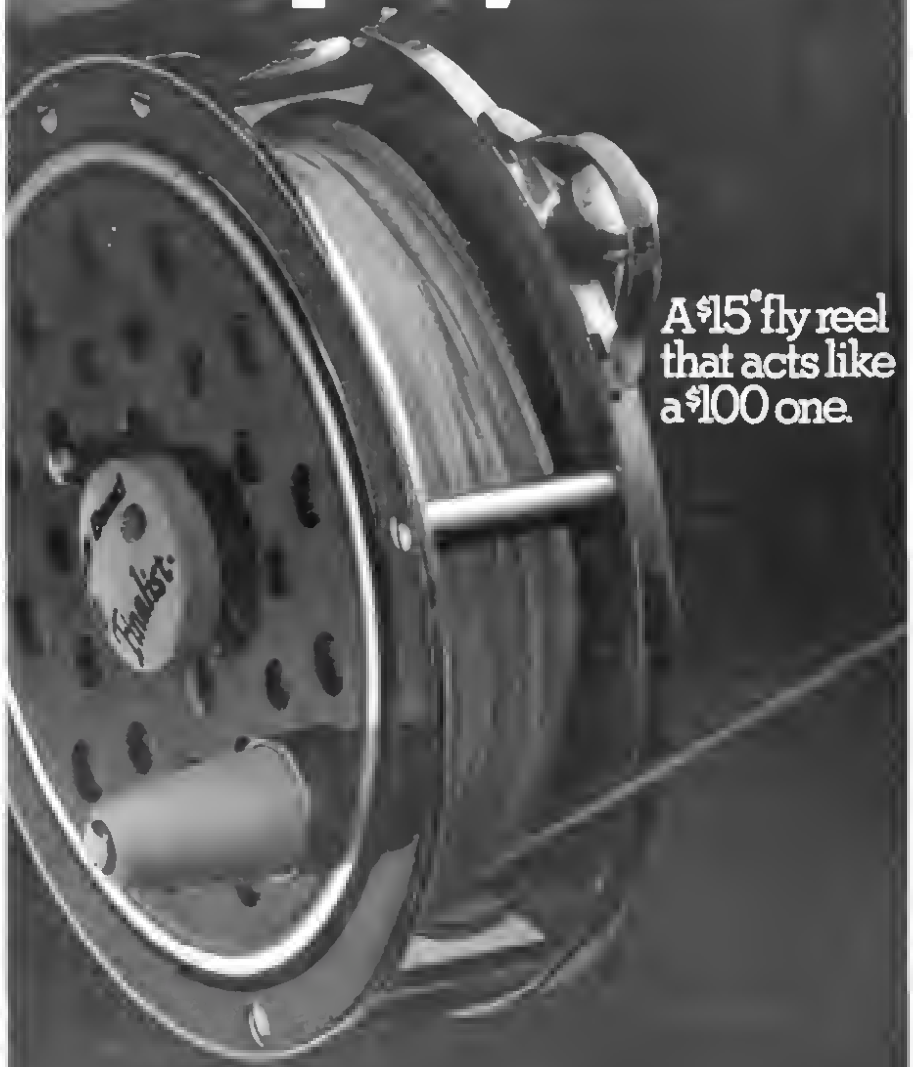

CHIEF

Trying to pick Derby winners is a universal pastime but few have been more successful than Isi Newborn the cigar smoking handicapper for the Cleveland Press In 27 years of covering the Derby, Isi has been right 12 times having made such satisfying choices as Pensive ($16 20) in 1944 Dark Star ($51 80) in 1953 and Proud Clarion ($62 20) last May

At Tijuana's Caliente Tony Alessio ("ar left) is busy accepting "future" bets on the Derby which may not be sent through the U S mail Alessio is hurt most when a favorite like Kauai King wins, and is luckiest when he receives a large bet (like the $25 000 on Graystark the same year) on a horse who fails to start This year's closing favorite Forward Pass at 2 to 1

On the Louisville police force 27 years Colonel James Hyde has won more than 14 000 trophies for pistol shooting This year will be his 21st on Derby Day duty his first as chief Nearly half of his 573 men will be engaged in handling traffic and other problems connected with the race "It's a lot of extra work," he says "a lot of nice extra work I enjoy it"

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LIGHTS IN THE MET CELLAR

Their lapses are still laughable, but New York's new stars at last give promise of a bright, winning future

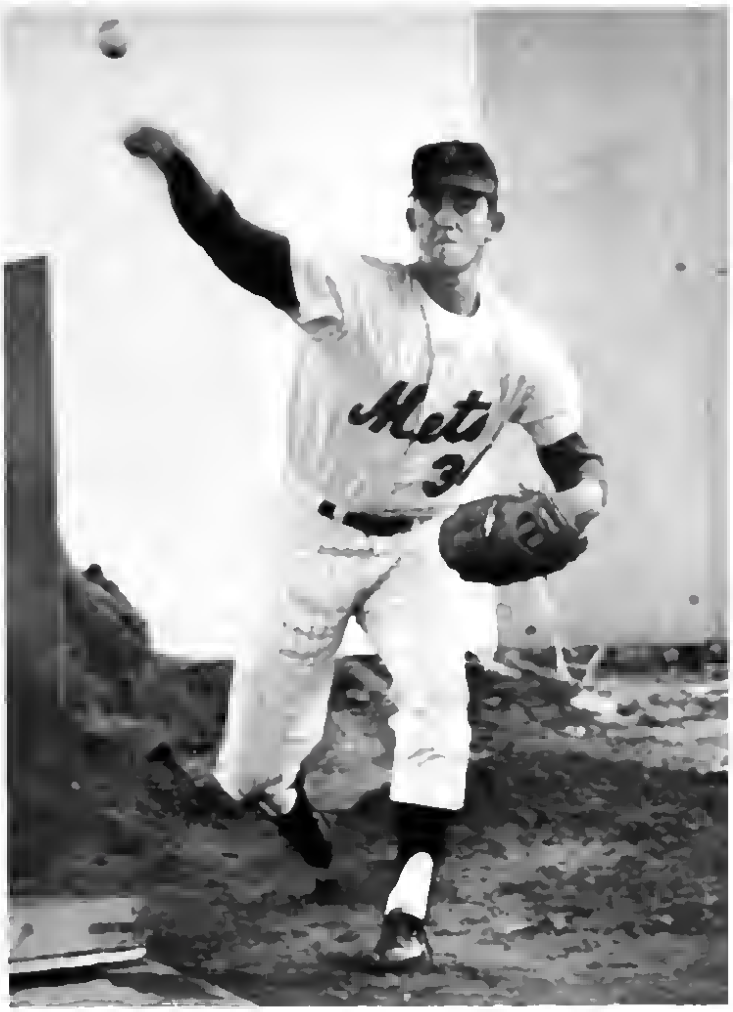
by ***WILLIAM LEGGETT***

Up and down the Eastern Seaboard in large pharmaceutical houses and small neighborhood drugstores the search was pressed last week for the mysterious, elusive chemical that may cure Nolan Ryan's vast blood-blister problem. Meanwhile, he blazes on in pain for the New York Mets, his hand inadequately treated with brine drawn from the bottom of a pickle barrel located in a Jewish delicatessen in the Bronx.

The group of reporters around Jerry Koosman grows larger each day and each recruit wants it explained again how he happened to learn to pitch in the top of a hay barn near Appleton, Minn. Koosman says, "I threw to my older brother, Orville."

Huge stacks of letters keep piling up in the Shea Stadium locker of Ron Swoboda (*see cover*) with words of youthful faith, "I tried to trade four baseball cards for yours. You will surely go to the Hall of Fame. I hope you never die." And, when people ask Swoboda if he thinks he will break Babe Ruth's home-run record, his brown eyes blink and he smiles when he says, "No, Roger Maris'."

In the first three weeks of the 1968 Na-



ROOKIE PRODIGIES. Fireballer Nolan Ryan, 21, working out in Shea Stadium, and Lefty Jerry Koosman, 24, smiling after his third win, have stunned Met fans



tional League season the St Louis Cardinals and San Francisco Giants, naturally, drew plenty of attention, but, unnaturally, so did the New York Mets, perhaps more attention than any other team. For the first time in their seven-year history they have some positive accomplishments to their credit, and it appears that they may now be on the verge of abandoning the theater of the absurd and starting to play something that closely resembles big-league baseball. At one point last week Swoboda was tied for the major league lead in homers and runs batted in. Koosman, a 24-year-old left-handed rookie, had given up one run in 27 innings to tie for the league lead in wins (with three) and earned run average (0.33). While the Mets' present overall record of 6-9 was certainly not good enough to cause people to start computing their "magic number," the team does have the statistic (1.66) to prove that its pitching staff has the best earned run average around.

Within a period of only 10 days the New Yorkers knocked both Juan Marichal of the Giants and Don Drysdale of the Dodgers, historically two of their greatest tormentors, from the box with flurries of hits and base running seldom before exhibited by Met teams. And, wonder of wonders, there were three National League teams that made as many or more errors. Of course, there was Nolan Ryan, too. At the age of 21—and with only 11 innings pitched anywhere last season—Ryan has caused a considerable stir all by himself, striking out 26 batters in the first 19⅓ innings he pitched.

For all these bright performances, there are reminders, some grim, some hilarious, that the days of ineptitude have not totally disappeared. Recently, when they played a 24-inning game in Houston's Astrodome, the Mets failed to score a run and allowed the Astros to get the winning one on an error, and they added to their bizarre legend when John Wayne could take neither team any longer and quit the scene after 14 innings. A week later, though, the Mets got the Astros outside, but it was the Astros who made the mistakes and the Mets who capitalized on them. Old Mets never did things like that, but these new and seemingly movin' Mets are going to do many things right before this season is over.

Once the Mets were a bad team from virtually the top of their lineup to the bottom. In 1967, however, they came up with three refreshing surprises. Tom Seaver won 16 games, Swoboda hit .281 and Shortstop Bud Harrelson developed into a fine player. Even though the Mets did finish last, these were the first hopeful signs that the franchise was trying to change an image established by an incident that occurred in 1964. A follower in Connecticut called his local paper to ask how the Mets had fared. "They got 19 runs," said the man on the desk. "Oh," asked the caller, "did they win?"

There were many who felt that once the Mets started to show any progress their fans (nine million have seen them in six seasons) would quickly abandon them for some other negative diversion. But in 1966, when the Mets rose to ninth in the standings, crowds at Shea Stadium increased by 164,304. When the team tumbled back to 10th last season attendance dropped off by 367,201 and television ratings sank.

Because they had their poorest exhibition record (9-18) ever this spring many felt, and wrote, that New York should ready itself for the worst team in its history. Underneath that record, however, was something very encouraging: Met pitchers had given up fewer runs than those of any other National League club. The only one close to them was the Los Angeles Dodgers, a team that normally has the *best* pitchers.

Another very important factor contributed to some of those spring losses. Gil Hodges, New York's new manager, not only was shifting over from the American League to the National, but he was totally unfamiliar with many of the Met players. "During the spring," says Johnny Murphy, the Met General Manager, "Gil had to look over the 44 players he had in camp and find out for himself what they could do. He made up his mind to watch them under game

continued







FIELDING FLUFF, a funny reminder that the old throw-away days of Marv Throneberry haven't completely departed, occurred against Los Angeles Dodgers when Cleon Jones bare-handed the ball, juggled it and finally recovered it

conditions, and he did it. While he certainly wanted to win as many games as he could, he was concerned about seeing how the players would respond in certain situations. His opinions were shaping my opinions. One of the first things you notice about Gil, once you have been around him, is that he is a master at telling a pitcher what he should throw and being sure that it is done."

Even before Hodges and his Mets got to spring training, the younger Met players sensed a new attitude being born. "When some of us got together this winter," says Swoboda, "we all felt like we couldn't wait to start the season. Young guys don't know how to quit. They haven't been around enough years to have their spirit dented like some of the older ones. The Boston Red Sox and what they did last season had a large part in our thinking about this year. In other seasons when I played for the Mets you would go into the ninth inning and just know that somebody was going to come along and shoot the damn wheels right off your wagon."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB [illegible]



GROTE (LEFT) AND SEAVER, GREETING SWOBODA AFTER HOMER, TYPIFY NEW MET SPIRIT

While it was the pitching that worked best in spring training, it was the work of three pitchers—Seaver, Koosman and Ryan—that impressed the most. Seaver, the pleasant and very well-organized young man who saved the All-Star Game for the National League last July, picked up where he had left off last year and pitched excellently, again in full command of what he was doing.

From the beginning Koosman was given an excellent chance to become a starter because he had led the International League in strikeouts in 1967 after a fine season the year previously at Auburn, where he compiled an ERA of 1.38 on a Met farm club that had spectacular pitching. Koosman is one of those rarities of today—a boy overlooked by the scouts and signed, finally, for a handful of change. He went to an agricultural high school in Appleton, and it did not have a baseball team. He often awoke at 5 in the morning on his father's 640-acre farm, plowed, disced and smoothed the earth and then went upstairs in a barn to throw baseballs to brother Orville in the evenings. He pitched in the "beer leagues" in Minnesota and then went into the Army at Fort Bliss, Texas. Because teams needed pitchers both on the post and off it, he worked out a pitching rotation of his own so that, despite the teams' demands, he would pitch every fourth or fifth day. The father of the boy who caught him had been an usher at the old Polo Grounds in New York and he tipped the Mets off about Koosman. The Mets signed Koosman after he had served 17 months of active duty and gave him a $1,200 bonus.

The third member of New York's young pitching corps eventually became Lynn Nolan Ryan, the youngest of six children born to a petroleum company supervisor in Alvin, Texas. In 1966 Ryan struck out 307 batters in 202 innings in the minors. You might have heard much more about him earlier had he not been called into the service for part of the 1967 season.

When Ryan did start to pitch last year, word about him spread throughout baseball. Of his first 21 outs at Jacksonville, 18 were by strikeouts. "I had to catch him in the bullpen in Rochester without lights," says Minor Leaguer Jackie Warner, "and I chased as many as I

continued

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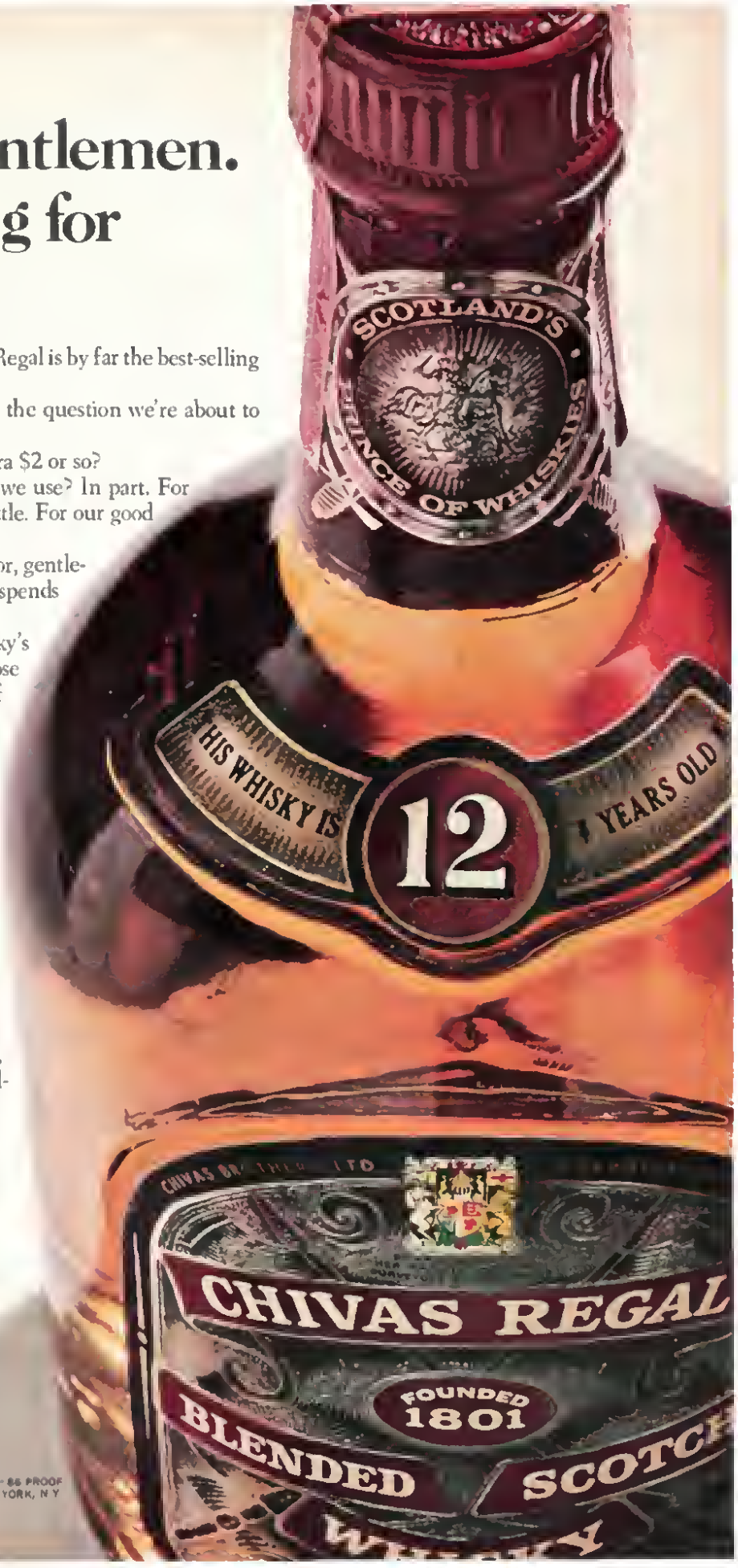
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caught." All of Ryan's strikeouts for Jacksonville were on the road. When he was listed to start a home game at Wolfson Park, almost three times the normal crowd of 1,000 came out just to see what Nolan Ryan was all about. As he warmed up, Ryan felt twinges in his arm. He promptly sat down.

"It always seemed," says General Manager Murphy, "that anytime I went to see him pitch something would happen and he didn't play. There were times when people told me all about him and I began to believe that Nolan Ryan was a myth." Murphy wasn't the only Met to feel this way. Returning from a reserve hitch, young Ryan finally pitched in a "B" game and impressed everyone, but when he was scheduled to go three innings against Pittsburgh his arm tightened and he worked only one. Two weeks later Ryan pitched against the World Champion St. Louis Cardinals and fanned six of them in four innings, including Orlando Cepeda. Said Cepeda, "He is the best young pitcher I have seen since I came into the major leagues."

Good as it was, that performance was not enough to convince Hodges. He waited a week and threw Ryan back in against the Cardinals. This time the youngster gave up no earned runs and struck out five. He made the team. In his three starts this year Ryan has struck out hitters with his rising fastball and continued to get blood blisters on his index finger.

Gus Mauch, the Met trainer, has tried almost every source imaginable to find Tar Dermament, a medical preparation which helped Ryan in the past but cannot be located today. Thus, wherever Ryan goes, he carries a bottle of pickle brine to paint on his blisters. When Mauch cuts them to let the blood run out, Ryan's teammates shake their heads as he dips his fingers into the cup of brine. Their name for the resultant mixture, of course, is a "bloody Nolan."

The most interesting thing about the Mets is their youthful exuberance. Leading 4–2 in the ninth on opening day against the Giants, the Mets fell apart and lost 5–4 despite Swoboda's four runs batted in. Throughout the Met organization people felt that the team would probably leave its season right there in the swirling dust of Candlestick Park. The next night, though, Koosman pitched a four-hitter against the Dodgers and the Mets won 4–0.

This clearly was not to be the kind of

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club that had represented New York in the National League during recent years. New York had begun by trying to build its expansion team on sentimental ties to Brooklyn Dodger and New York Giant fans of the past. Whether it was the right or wrong course to take is still a good subject for barroom arguments. One thing is certain. Researchers of baseball in future years will look on the all-time Met roster and be baffled because some of the finest and most colorful players in the game wore Met uniforms: Richie Ashburn, Duke Snider, Yogi Berra, Clem Labine, Frank Lary, Jimmy Piersall, Warren Spahn, Gus Bell, Ken Boyer, Roy McMillan, Tommy Davis, Bob Friend, Dick Stuart, Gene Woodling and Hodges himself. Unfortunately, almost all of them were too old by the time they reached the Mets to help the cause, and the likes of Joe Hicks, Sammy Drake, Herb Moford, Rick Herrscher, Cliff Cook, Steve Dillon, Ray Daviault, Larry Foss, Jim Marshall, Al Moran, Ron Locke, Duke Carmel and Ed Bauta added only to the losing tradition.

After the first five games this season, during which New York won two and lost three on the road, potential spectators might have been excused if they had decided to delay their spectating another year. Enough, however, had seen a quality in the new Mets that prompted them to forget the Hickses, Daviaults and Carmels and to place their faith in the present. The advance sale for opening day at Shea Stadium was about 30,000, but the promise of the young pitchers, Swoboda's early start along with that of Outfielders Art Shamsky and Tommie Agee, plus never-before-seen daring on the bases, brought 22,000 more people out to see the game with San Francisco. Before that huge and unexpected crowd the Giants promptly loaded the bases in the first inning with nobody out and sent Willie Mays to bat. Koosman struck out Mays and escaped the inning without having a ball hit out of the infield. He ended with a 3-0 victory, the first opening game victory of any kind, home or road, in the Mets' history.

The impact of New York's improved play was visible again on their first home weekend of the season. With the Dodgers as the opposition they won on a three-run homer by Swoboda and the fine pitching of Seaver. The Met-Dodger

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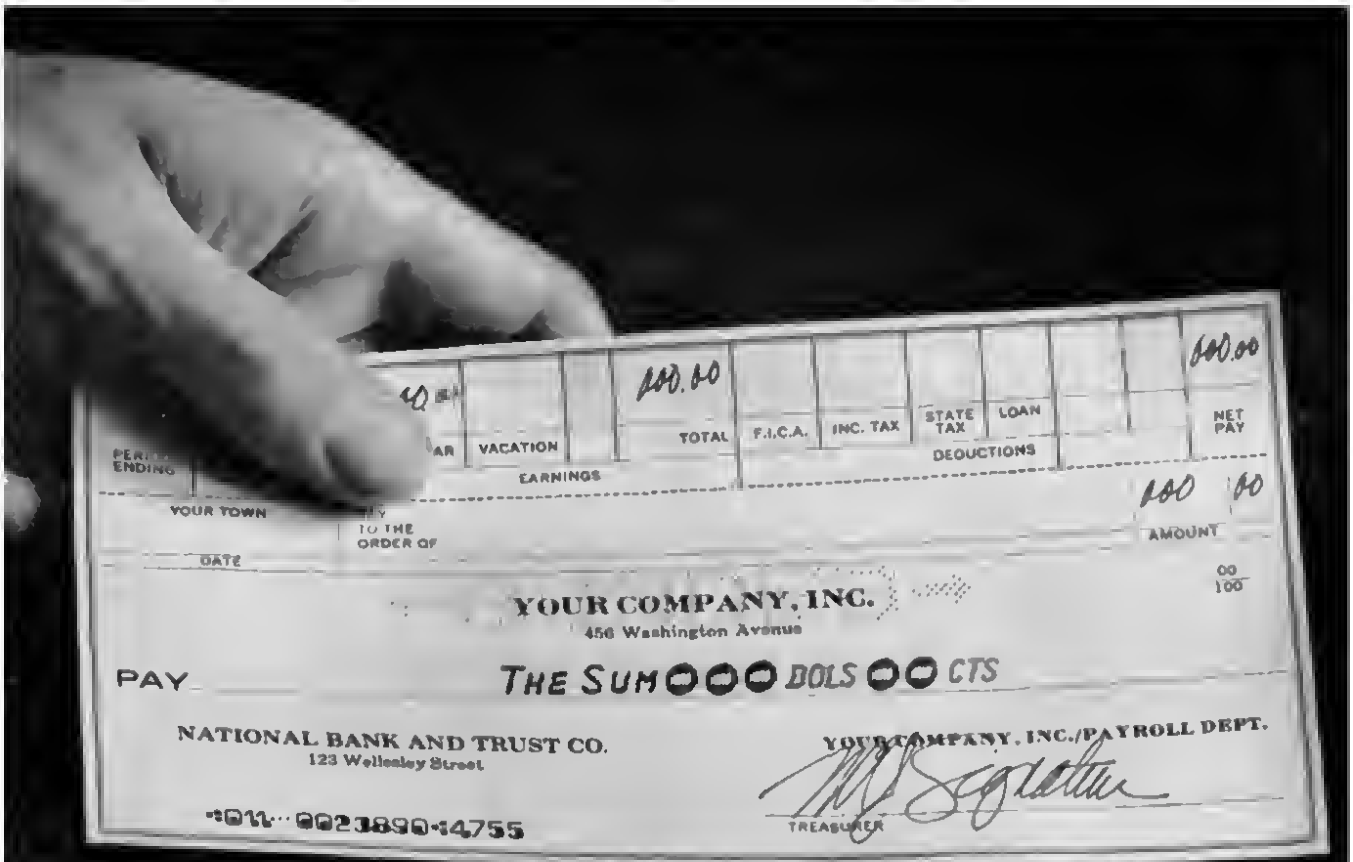
game on television drew a rating more than three times that of NBC's *Major League Baseball Game of the Week* in New York, and the next day, despite weather reports indicating showers, 22,000 extras walked in again to swell the crowd to 45,000. New York, however, reverted to form and looked like the Mets of old, losing both games.

There are few bigger gambles in sport than using young pitchers in the major leagues. For many managers and general managers it is safer and causes less criticism if older, more experienced hands are pitched merely because "they have been around." But in 1967 there were three outstanding examples of teams within the National League that proved the exception to the rule. The Cardinals, Reds and Cubs all used pitchers who had little or no major league starting experience. Nelson Briles, Steve Carlton and Dick Hughes had only 32 previous starts for the Cardinals; Mel Queen and Garry Nolan had none for the Reds until last year; and Ferguson Jenkins, Rich Nye and Ken Holtzman were almost totally inexperienced with the Cubs.

"Now, for the first time," Swoboda said last week while stretching out on the rug of the Met clubhouse in his cowboy boots and dude-ranch clothing, "we know when we go out to play that youth is taking over and we have pitchers who can hold the other guy off. It isn't like other years when a lot of guys were just putting in their time and adding to their pension plans—get it over and let's get the paycheck. Seaver showed a lot of people that a young guy could win with the Mets because he thought everything over so well and you could tell that losing tore him up. It went down the line to the rest of the young guys like myself. Now we have Koosman, and he works fast. That helps you a hell of a lot on defense because you don't have time to worry about making a mistake. There are few people anywhere who can hit Nolan Ryan. The only criterion we have is Boston."

At the age of only 23, Swoboda has had three seasons with the Mets and some of those have been marked by quick starts. He is an animated conversationalist who last week described a yacht trip he had taken on an off day by saying, "It was a friend's boat and if I told you how large it was it would sound like I was bragging. But do you

continued



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know who got on before me? Two goats, two zebras, two elephants." Although he is sometimes overanxious at the plate, he explains his current high position in homers and runs batted in with a smile. "Let's not get too excited about this thing. What I have to do is drive in those big runs—the gamers—the ones that decide the outcome. I want to be the type of hitter who sees the run in scoring position and picks it up. There are players who you just have to admire because you know they are tougher hitters with runners on."

Once Swoboda was a poor fielder but he has worked extremely hard to become a good one. "I'm one of those guys who has to work," he said. "Things don't come easy to me and maybe the fans identify with me because they know I have to work. How many successes in any profession that a man takes pride in really come easily to him?" Born in Baltimore, he has a Chinese step-grandfather. He knows what ultimate success can mean to him in money. "I do quite a bit of speaking," he says, "and I enjoy it. You have to be running all the time between New York, New Jersey and Connecticut but you can make $2,000 in a month during the off season if you want to run. I know, I've done it, and I don't mind running."

Seaver, who is as ambitious as Swoboda, sat in his dressing cubicle the other afternoon and looked around at the young Mets. "I had a feeling last year," he said, "that when I pitched they played better ball because they realized that I wanted to win so much. Now it has been multiplied."

Perhaps the best explanation of the Mets' hopes of rising came from Jerry Grote, the fine catcher with one of the best arms in baseball. "Our bench is alive now with guys pulling for one another. Last year I would look over at the bench of the St. Louis Cardinals and see how much fun they were having because they were winning, how proud they were to be what they were. Now we want to work ourselves to the point where we can get that same feeling and we are going to do it."

Because they are so young, of course, every once in a while somebody is going to come along and indeed shoot the wheels right off the Mets' wagon. But after six desperate seasons that wagon finally seems to be headed in the right direction. END



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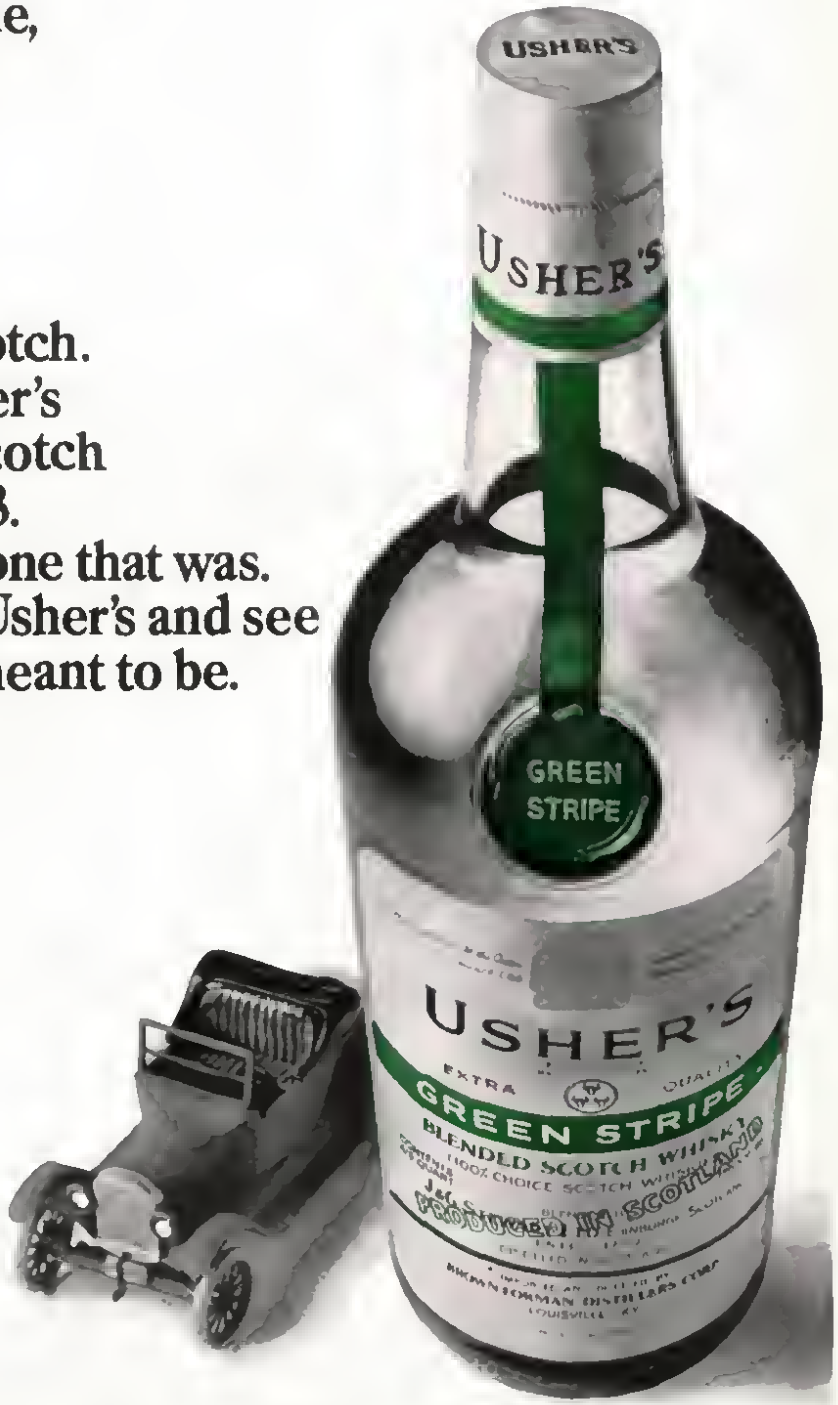
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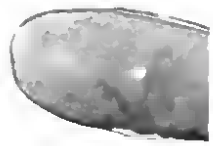
Nobody denies that a lot of hulls make for more excitement than one. But do they make for safety?

by ***HUGH WHALL***

HEY HO AND UP SHE RISES

Innovation in any form has always been met with distrust at sea. A traditionalist by training and temperament, the blue-water sailor, out of sight of land and dependent utterly on his vessel, has too much at stake to cast aside lightly the proved and the practical. Yet there is always within him the urge to sail faster and farther, with less effort and more comfort.

That urge in recent years has been gratified by a growing fleet of oceangoing sailboats that substitute two or even three hulls for the traditional single hull. Roomy, comfortable, often cheaper to build than ordinary craft, multihulled catamarans and trimarans can swoop down combers in the open sea at speeds of 20, 25 or even 30 knots—speeds unimagined in even the fastest 19th-century clipper ships. And speed is not all this new breed of seagoing cat has to offer, according to the owner of one, the 43-foot cruising catamaran *Imi*







Loa. "Speed is just gravy compared to the cat's real advantages; its pleasantness," says Dr. Victor Stern. "You're drier, for one thing. Chores like cooking and navigating are a breeze since you're always working in a big airy cabin with lots of light and windows—not down below in some sort of dark hold. Then there's the fact that catamarans don't heel much; when you put your drink down it stays where you put it."

With all this going for the multihulls, it is not surprising that they have won over such previously dedicated *monohull* men as TV's Jim (Marshal Dillon) Arness, a longtime blue-water sailor. Arness' newest boat is a 58-foot catamaran named *Seasmoke*, designed and built for him by the Sparkman & Stephens of the catamaran fancy: Choy, Seaman and Kumalae, better known as C/S/K.

Rudy Choy, the senior member of the firm, has been an apostle of the double hull ever since he began sailing cats through Waikiki's surf at the end of World War II. A few weeks ago, relaxing as a guest aboard *Seasmoke*, he was still preaching the cat gospel with enthu-

continued



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siasm. Wearing her biggest genoa and a huge mainsail, and driven by a wispy breeze, *Seasmoke* was slipping along through the Pacific swells with no more suggestion of speed than a jet plane in flight. When another guest wondered at the knots they might be making, Choy gestured toward the dial of the seagoing speedometer. It read 14 knots—faster than any cup defender could be expected to move except in the briskest blow.

So why doesn't everyone sail the seas on multihulls? Because, say the diehard monohull men, they are just not seaworthy. Their odd construction makes them too flimsy to withstand the strains of rough weather, they are too tricky to handle, and they tend to capsize. Not so, say the multihull men.

Yet in 1964, during the first transpacific ocean race ever held exclusively for multihulls, this gloomy opinion seemed to be shared by the catamaraners themselves. The planned-for fleet of a dozen or more boats was narrowed to three before the race even began. Two of those three dropped out with fractured hulls within the first 48 hours of sailing, leaving Dr. Stern's reliable *Imi Loa* to finish the race alone.

Following the race, the cats came under heavy attack in boating magazines and newspapers. "We told you so," cried all the traditionalists who had urged the banning of multihulls from regular racing fleets. Catman Choy, who designed all three boats, admitted that his world seemed to have crumbled. "I wept after that race," he says. "I seriously gave thought to quitting and returning to the islands." Choy might have done so had he known that three years later, within the space of only a few months, three big C/S K cats would capsize, albeit without the loss of any lives.

By that time, however, Designer Choy had learned to roll with adversity. Pointing out that monohulls, although reasonably safe from capsizing, had foundered at sea over the years from many other causes, Rudy insisted, "There's simply too much argument attempting to link capsizing—the Achilles' heel of catamarans—with overall safety at sea."

But if a tendency to tip is all that is wrong with catamarans, what about the other multihulls, the three-hulled trimarans? Most experts agree that a catamaran, which is essentially two separate boats linked by a winglike structure, should never be allowed to heel more than 15° from the horizontal. On the other hand, trimarans—*i.e.*, vessels with a large central hull and two smaller hulls set out on either side—have a positive stability up to 60°. The reason for the difference is clear. The instant one of her hulls becomes completely airborne, the two-hulled catamaran becomes intrinsically unstable, like a man balancing on one leg. As a trimaran lifts one of her outlying hulls off the water, however, she must correspondingly drive the other one below the surface where its buoyancy works to reestablish an even keel.

Are trimarans then the ultimate answer to multihull safety at sea? Not by a long shot. During the last 21 months five ostensibly sturdy oceangoing trimarans have foundered at sea, drowning 12 sailors, and if a search that is now taking place off the coast of California proves fruitless, the grim figure may rise to 13.

The first of these tragedies became known in July 1966 when wreckage from the Hedley Nicol-designed trimaran *Vagabond* washed ashore near Sandy Cape on Australia's Queensland coast. No trace was ever found of *Vagabond*'s crew, Robert Garnham, 38, and Bart Jacobsen, also 38, and hence there was no certainty about what happened to her. But an earlier setback provided some hint. Soon after her launching, Designer Nicol had stripped all excess weight from his kitelike craft and set out in a gale to discover just how fast she could sail. He found out. *Vagabond* went so fast she soon became more airplane than boat. Airborne, the big trimaran climbed skyward for an instant, described a drunken barrel roll and plunged seaward in a dive that, by all accounts, should have mashed her beyond redemption. Unfortunately for those she later drowned, it didn't.

Soon after *Vagabond* went down, Nicol himself became a trimaran victim. Bent on sailing from Australia to the U.S., he left Brisbane in August 1966 aboard the 35-footer *Privateer*. With him were Gus Baldwin and E. van Rommell. Their first stop was meant to be Tahiti but, except for a radio message sent 500 miles out of Brisbane, they were never heard from again. *Privateer* simply disappeared.

Scarcely two months later a pair of Sydney men, also bound for Tahiti, died

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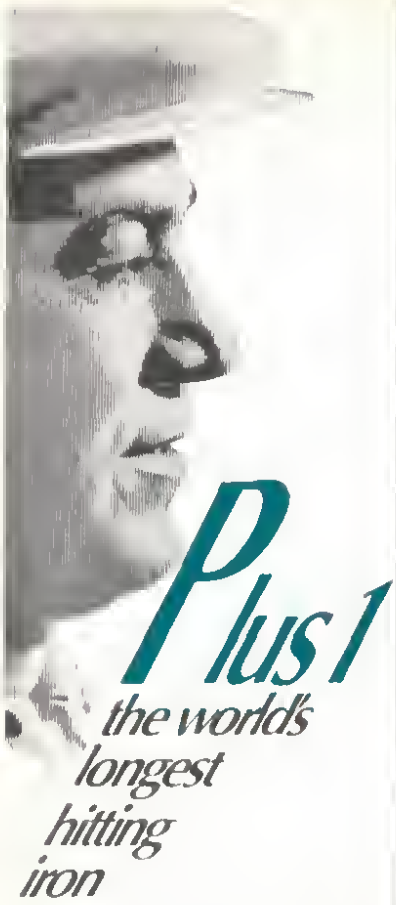


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when their homemade trimaran apparently disintegrated in a Pacific squall. The death toll rose higher in early 1967 when the trimaran *Outlaw* capsized in the Mediterranean, drowning still another sailor

But of all the disasters involving trimarans—including several accidents in which crews were rescued off splintered boats—the one that really ignited critics of the class was the wreck of the homebuilt trimaran *Bandersnatch* in the Tasman Sea This 33-footer had given those who sailed her plenty of warning Designed by a 25-year-old electrical engineer named Lock Crowther, she was built to be the world's fastest ocean-racing boat, but not necessarily its sturdiest. Skirting the Australian coast during her maiden voyage in 1966, *Bandersnatch* slammed into a gale While 55-knot winds tore at her superstructure, pounding seas found their way into at least one of her outboard hulls, dragging it down until she was heeled at a 45° angle *Bandersnatch* became so unmanageable that Crewman David Henry said afterward, "I thought she was going right over"

Somehow she didn't and, after a night of bitter cold during which waves continually swept her decks, the trimaran's crew managed to coax their waterlogged craft into calmer waters. They stepped ashore unscathed, but those who took *Bandersnatch* to sea a year later were not so lucky. Four days after she had left Melbourne bound for Sydney a mass of wreckage that was all that was left of *Bandersnatch* was spotted by the freighter *Koraute*

Four men died with *Bandersnatch*. One of them was Bruce Crowther, the younger brother of the man who designed her

The abuse that engulfed Catamaran Designer Rudy Choy when his boats foundered was mild compared to that aimed at the trimaran crowd after *Bandersnatch* was lost. One angry voice belonged to Australian Naval Architect Warwick Hood, designer of the unsuccessful America's Cup challenger *Dame Pattie*. "At the risk of bringing down the wrath of the whole trimaran fraternity on my head," said Hood, "and also admitting that I've never designed a trimaran, I think that the trimaran requires a lot more developmental work done to it before it will become, if ever, a safe, successful seagoing vessel."

The vice-commodore of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia, Stan Gibson, suggested that trimarans be forbidden to go to sea at all—a suggestion quickly echoed in cries to the Australian parliament that "there ought to be a law!" No law has yet been passed and, in arguments that followed the suggestion, many theories have been advanced to explain what happened to *Bandersnatch*. Most leading designers think she broke up because of poor float design that failed to provide sufficient buoyancy Designer Crowther himself thinks his boat collided with a surfaced whale, and there is some evidence to support the belief. A dead whale was found sometime later wallowing near the wreckage with an enormous gash in its head.

Whatever its cause, the *Bandersnatch* tragedy got many people thinking seriously about multihulls in general, and there is a growing belief among them that the trouble plaguing both catamarans and trimarans is not basically one of design at all, but one of attitude. It may lie not in those who build, but in those who sail, multihulls.

Rudy Choy, who has never tipped over one of his own boats, blames most cat wrecks on a disease he calls "the capsize syndrome." The chief symptom of this ailment is the tendency of hot-rod sailors to let their speeding boats heel so far that they begin to fly clear of the water There are other symptoms as well, all of which add up to a kind of seagoing euphoria that some have called "the rapture of speed," an intoxication as dangerous as that which traps skin divers who go too deep.

Dr Stern gives us one case history of speed rapture Day sailing off Honolulu in his *Imi Loa*, he assigned a novice hand to tend the sheet controlling the huge mainsail. He gave strict orders to let it fly whenever a hard puff struck. An unexpected, weighty gust soon hit the cat, shouldering her well beyond the critical 15° angle of heel and driving her faster and faster through the swells of the Molokai Channel. Mesmerized by the orchestration of sight, sound and sensation that marks a big catamaran drumming through white-crested seas at more than 20 knots, the mainsheet hand crouched transfixed at his post, seemingly oblivious to the dangerously flying weather hull. Says Stern, "I yelled, 'Cut! Cut! Cut the main!' but he continued to stare at the water rushing by,

continued

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hypnotized." At last the message got through. His trance suddenly broken, the man released the sheet with scant seconds to spare, and *Im Lod*, relieved of the press of wind on her sails, whomped back down, level and safe.

Other perils unknown to the monohull sailor may afflict multihulls at sea and so make it difficult for even veteran blue water men to cope with them. For instance, it may be that cats are in greater danger of capsize when racing across smooth water close to land than far offshore where the big waves roll. A case in point is *Allez-Cat*, which capsized belting down Newport's North Lido Channel, a stretch of water as smooth as a lake. A participant in the drama, the knowledgeable sailor and flyer, Jim Kilroy, speculates that wind, unobstructed by the peaks and valleys of waves, swept smoothly up beneath the catamaran's wing-shaped connecting bridge to apply lift strong enough to jack her up and over. At sea, where waves break the wind's smooth flow and bounce the boat, such lift would be lessened, or so Kilroy believes.

Says Choy, "Catamarans act entirely different from monohulls. They're a different animal. Monohulls are like piston-driven airplanes, cats like jets. You can't step out of a plane where you wiggle the stick and kick the rudder pedals and expect to fly a jet all of a sudden. It doesn't work."

Choy estimates that there are no more than 100 persons in this country really capable of handling big cats offshore. "Most of us are pretty rational people," he adds. "We're married, we've got children, jobs, you know. We don't have the death wish. All we're saying is we simply don't think catamarans are that goddamn dangerous."

Change the word "catamarans" to "trimarans" and this statement might well have been made by Arthur Piver, who has been Choy's counterpart in the triple-hulled world. Of the thousands of trimarans cruising the world's waters from Saigon to Singapore, Seattle to Sumatra, Cape Cod to Cowes, more than 70% stem from Piver's drawing board, and up to five weeks ago, as far as anyone knows, none of them had ever met with the sort of accident that demolished the Australian boats.

A veteran of many transatlantic trimaran crossings—one in a relatively tiny 30-footer—Piver had also crossed the Pacific and cruised the Caribbean. In all he sailed triple-hulled for roughly 35,000 miles, and he offered himself as living proof that trimarans don't kill. His record of safety was so good, in fact, that even he tended to distrust it in view of the law of averages. "It's too good. I just don't understand it," he said recently.

But if Piver's enthusiasm for his new kind of sailing was too great to be dampened by mere mathematical odds, it was also too frank to discount the sense of risk that gave it added zest. A former monohull man who learned to love the sea in his family's 85-foot schooner, Piver became a multihull convert aboard a 16-

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Did you hear the one about the Italian satellite?





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It was an improbable event in the space age. The satellite was launched from a seaborne pad off the coast of Kenya, with the countdown in Italian. And it shot into the sky to cheers of a bunch of Bajuni tribesmen.

When the Italians first proposed the project, a satellite designed to measure atmospheric density over the equator, NASA officials had good reason to treat it seriously. The Italians had acquitted themselves well in previous NASA projects. Moreover, they are first-rate engineers.

Still some American spacemen were skeptical. The Italians were a puzzle to their conservative American counterparts. How could men who would break out in laughter in the middle of a technical conversation and who washed their lunches down with large glasses of wine be serious scientists?

But the Italians proved their ability to handle the project, including the logistics of launching from a remote site off the coast of Africa, a problem Americans would have found formidable. In fact, the only real problem the Italians ran up against was the food. Prepared in the English manner, it was unpalatable to their taste.

So they taught the natives to cook spaghetti. And converted the launch platform into an open-air mess hall. One Italian scientist confided, "If the project doesn't work out, we're going to tow the platform to the Bay of Naples and open an expensive restaurant."

But, as Life pointed out, the project did work. And the irrepressible Italians boosted their nation into an exclusive club. Only the U. S., Russia and France had previously designed, built and orbited their own spacecrafts.

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foot catamaran in San Francisco Bay and never looked back.

"It was like night and day," he said. "It was a revelation, you know. I'd always been enchanted by the grace and beauty of sailing and its occasional peacefulness, but for thrills and excitement I'd leaned toward skiing and surfing. But with big multihulls, you've got all that combined."

A helpless convert himself, Piver went to work with missionary zeal converting others. He established a trimaran company at Mill Valley, Calif. that offered a variety of kits for home construction as well as finished boats.

Piver's do-it-yourselfers employed everything from hotel rooms to the decks of freighters as boatyards. One man built a 40-footer atop an African mountain peak, lugged it to the coast, then sailed to New Zealand with a family that included his 93-year-old mother.

Not too far from Piver's own home, a trimaran named *Blue Bird* lies at Kappas' Yacht Harbor, the Haight-Ashbury of San Francisco's waterfront. She is waiting for what her three-man crew believes will be an idyllic trip to Mexico, then, perhaps, one around the world. Her crew of hirsute dissenters has one advantage over some converts. They are learning to sail in a tiny dinghy. "I'm looking forward to my first storm at sea but not looking forward to it, you know," says Martin Idler White, 22, who bought the trimaran with an inheritance. He describes his forthcoming voyage as a "totally groovy thing," adding that he's already a better man for conquering fear instilled when, as a little boy, a big wave frightened him.

Whether any such psychedelic reasoning was at the back of Arthur Piver's mind on March 17 when he took off alone from San Francisco bound for San Diego in another home-built trimaran may never be known. His stated purpose as he began the 500-mile passage was to run up some solo time at sea so that he could qualify for the forthcoming single-handed race from England to Newport, R.I. (only sailors with 500 miles of single-handing to their credit will be admitted), and he took only enough provisions along to last at most a fortnight.

When Piver was still unheard from two weeks after his departure, the Coast Guard instituted an official all-out search of the coastal waters. It was maintained for three days, but it produced no sign of the missing sailor. Even though the official search is over, there are still many, including Mrs. Arthur Piver, who believe he may yet turn up, dismasted perhaps and still afloat or cast ashore on some lonely beach, to confound that law of averages.

If he does not, there is certain to be a great deal more tongue-clicking and head-shaking among members of the yachting establishment. Arthur Piver would not be impressed.

"We don't argue with these people," he once said. "When you argue with them you find you're arguing with fear, and that's impossible." Piver's point was that the average sailor is just naturally afraid of sail, because he is conditioned by the limitations of conventional boats. "Moreover," he said, "anyone you confront with something he doesn't understand will be offended, because you affront his self-esteem. The easiest way to insult a sailor is to make his boat look bad and, you know, when these trimarans get going they make all ordinary boats look silly."

What effect Piver's disappearance may have on the prejudice that exists against multihulls—particularly against trimarans—throughout the yachting world cannot be predicted. There is no question that this prejudice is already real. Many marinas refuse to provide berths for multihulls (they claim, with some justice, that the beamy craft are too wide for their slips). Many prominent sailmakers refuse to cut sails for trimarans (they don't want their names connected with them). Many yacht clubs arbitrarily turn down membership applications from multihull owners.

Of vast importance to the multihull cause right now is the fact that Eric Tabarly, France's famed ocean racer and a highly respected member of the monohull establishment, has chosen to join their ranks. Tabarly, winner of the last single-handed race across the Atlantic as well as many other ocean races, has just ordered a rakish, aluminum trimaran for this summer's rerun of the one-man transatlantic haul.

If Tabarly does well in this event, it may diminish the anxiety resulting from Piver's seeming loss. On the other hand, if Tabarly's trimaran comes unstuck under the command of this famed and well-tested ocean sailor, the multihulls' future may truly be imperiled. AND


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Wide-Track 1968 Pontiacs

• **Frank Gifford,** former Giant halfback, pitched his CBS softball team to a 12–2 victory over the Associated Press in New York's Central Park recently. It was the opening game of the Broadway Show League season. Later Gifford signed autographs for child onlookers. It was not exactly like the old days because they kept asking him, "Who are you?" But a Gifford by any name was obviously sweet enough—one little girl simply came up to pat him and say, "Hey man, you beautiful."

" 'Captain 22' will participate in the most daring of adventures, *against the most colorful of villains*, but 'Captain 22' will be a *real human being*, in every sense, and he will be placing himself in jeopardy time after time for the welfare of his fellow man. . . He's strong, resourceful, daring, intelligent, capable, gentle and loyal." So reads the prospectus for a new TV series to begin this fall. Captain 22 actually will not be a real human being in *every* sense, in view of the fact that he is to be an animated cartoon character, but he is based upon strong, resourceful, daring, intelligent, capable, gentle and loyal **Elgin Baylor.**

The royal yacht *Britannia* costs $21,600 a week to maintain, and not long ago **Queen Elizabeth** decided that the vessel should be made available for uses other than royal excursions. The British navy took her up on it. They used the *Britannia* as a target ship for submarines during a recent naval exercise.

Bill Muncey, the unlimited-hydroplane driver, was invited to a meeting of potential G.O.P. lieutenant-governor candidates for the State of Washington and Muncey proved himself one of those politicians who are running backward, if at all. "Maybe as a sports figure I could help call the attention of the public to issues," he said meekly, "but I don't understand how somebody could vote for a guy like me."



•

Buffalo Bills' Quarterback **Jack Kemp** has had to substitute before, but fancy sending him in for **Joan Baez!** The folk singer was scheduled to join a panel discussion in Washington at the convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, but she was unable to make it and Kemp was summoned from the sidelines. The subject the young panel discussed was, "What about the generation gap?" and it proved to be not so much a discussion as a put-down of the grown-ups until Kemp spoke. He declared himself grateful to the older generation for fighting three wars and a depression, developing atomic power, conquering tuberculosis and polio and taxing itself heavily to help people abroad and at home. The only real gap, he said, was a communications gap. The older generation hadn't told the younger generation that "freedom isn't free and self-government entails responsibility." The assembled editors applauded. "Thank you very much, Jack," said Moderator Creed Black of the *Chicago Daily News*. "That's more like it!"

It was also softball time down South for New Orleans District Attorney **Jim Garrison.** Garrison sent his D.A. office softball club in against the Third District police and, with the game's score tied 4–4, a fight broke out when Assistant D.A. Mike Karmazin got into a dispute at first base. One of Garrison's assistants, Andrew Sciambra, a former LSU boxer, had to be restrained by another assistant, Charles Foto, and Garrison fired not Sciambra but Foto on the spot. Garrison, wearing a green cap with D.A. in white letters, was described as acting as a sort of cheerleader. Cheerleading is not peacemaking, and the game went into the books as a 4–4 tie, with both sides still claiming victory. Garrison rehired Charles Foto the following day.

A couple of chips off the young block, **Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ryun** are jogging around Wichita, Kans. They estimate that they are beginning about 12,416 miles behind son **Jim,** but they have been getting up before dawn to jog a bit and meet jogging friends for coffee. Not long ago Mrs. Ryun was out by herself and was pursued by "the biggest Chow I've ever seen," she says. "I remembered that you aren't supposed to act frightened and began walking as deliberately as I could. That is when he bit me." A policeman called upon the Ryuns for a report and noting the early hour of the incident he commented, "You sure get out early in the morning, ma'am." "At least," said Gerald Ryun, "he didn't say, 'Ma'am, you sure get in late.' "

◆ European men seem to have the same delusions about soccer that American men have about table tennis, whatever their real line of work, they are genuinely convinced that they are also terrific soccer players. **Nino Benvenuti** is no exception, and he recently captained a team of boxers and ex-boxers in a benefit game played in Trieste against a team of journalists. Nino and the journalists' captain, Dante di Ragogna, shook hands and exchanged pink and white carnations, after which the journalists did in the athletes 2–0. An Italian paper the next day said gently of Nino's performance as center forward, "The world champion gave shape to the match by keeping to his area. . ." All in all, it seems clear that he and his fellow boxers are somewhat better with their fists than with their feet.

◆



Today Yonkers, tomorrow the world of pace

The invasion of top class horses from New Zealand and Australia continues as three competitors new to Americans dominate the first of an international series, frustrating still another Anzac in quest of $1 million

Victory in last week's $50,000 International Pace at Yonkers Raceway would have pushed New Zealand-bred Cardigan Bay tantalizingly close to being the first horse in harness racing history to win $1 million. What makes this especially noteworthy is that he has won more than three-quarters of his $950,571 since he was 8 years old, and is now 12, the equine equivalent of a 60-year-old man. Cardigan was in good health for the International despite his frightening medical history (a two-inch splint bone cut out of his left foreleg, a cracked bone in that same foreleg, a broken right hip, etc.), and he was driven by Stanley Dancer, who has trained him for all of his triumphs for four years, and driven him to most of them. But Cardigan Bay did not win. In fact, because of poor racing luck and extraordinarily tough competition, he was way out of the money.

The winner was Cardinal King, another New Zealand pacer trained by Dancer and raced as an entry with Cardigan Bay. Since First Lee of Australia was second and Southern Song of New Zealand was third, this should have been called the Anzac Pace. It was another demonstration that pacers from New Zealand and Australia—because of superior early training methods or perhaps Maori tribal magic—now dominate the sport in the U.S. (SI, Feb. 26).

Cardinal King is owned by the Slutskys of Nevele Acres, who also run one of the giant year-round resorts in the Catskills. Less than two months ago they bought Cardinal King for $35,000 (plus transportation to the States) and they already have won $47,000 with him in just two races. They are bugging New York officials to let them change his name to Nevele King, the better to publicize their hotel and to match their other horses (most notably Nevele Pride, Horse of the Year in 1967 and the overwhelming winter-book favorite for The Hambletonian in August).

Although Cardigan Bay and Cardinal King made an attractive entry, the Yonkers bettors sent First Lee off as the 4-to-5 choice. First Lee was a surprise in other ways, too. For one thing, as an Australian-bred, he was the first non-New Zealand pacer ever to win the Inter-Dominion Championships in Auckland. For another, his trio of Aussie owners, Joseph Bova, George Pieper and Robert Preen, all from the steel town of Wollongong near Sydney, had refused four offers of more than $100,000 for their horse and came with him to the U.S. instead.

"We first saw him at a sort of sunny get-together, a picnic," said Preen. "More or less a workout, and we asked the owner, 'How much do you want for this horse, mate?' "

" 'A thousand pounds will buy him,' he said.

" 'O.K., we've bought ourselves a horse,' we answered. Never at any time did we dream we'd come over here with him to race in the International—not at first, anyway."

What they paid for First Lee at that sunny get-together was $2,240 in U.S. money. What they will undoubtedly sell him for before they leave is a small fortune. Their trainer-driver, Kevin Robinson, followed New Zealand custom and stabled First Lee at a farm instead of the racetrack. In this case it was Dancer's farm in New Egypt, N.J., where Robinson surprised the staff with the severity of the horse's workouts. New Zealanders do not believe in babying their talent. Robinson's only problem had been to find New Egypt. He knew it was near Allentown, N.J., asked for directions from New York City and ended up in Allentown, Pa., 60 miles out of the way.

Robinson may have made his horse the favorite in the International by his pre-race procedure. American drivers rarely work a horse the morning of a race. In the evening, between earlier races on the program, they warm up with suc-



DRIVING TO THE FINISH, THE FRESHER CARDINAL KING OVERTAKES FIRST LEE (NO. 3)

cessively faster miles, then jog a bit and try a few brief bursts before the start. Robinson jogged First Lee the morning of the race but did not bring him out on the track again until the spotlighted introductions were made. Then he sent First Lee flying around the half-mile oval. One stable hand watching from the paddock said, "Wow, I can just see the bettors racing to get their money down now." He was right.

There was no danger of Robinson ending up in Allentown, Pa. this time. First Lee had the No. 2 post position and quickly took the rail and the lead. Just before the quarter, Canada's Golden Blend took over, and the first quarter time, 29 2, was exceptionally fast for a mile-and-a-half pace. As Golden Blend eased up, Robinson urged First Lee into the lead again and there he stayed most of the way, in the soft going along the rail that may have taken more out of the horse than Robinson realized.

Cardigan Bay, starting out in fifth post position, moved up strongly to challenge First Lee with a mile to go but could not pass him. The position outside the leader is called the "death seat" in Australia and is regarded with equal disfavor here; Robinson was happy to keep Dancer there. Dancer knew he either had to get the lead or drop back for another try later, so he pulled up on his horse. But Ol' Methuselah was not interested in slowing down at that point.

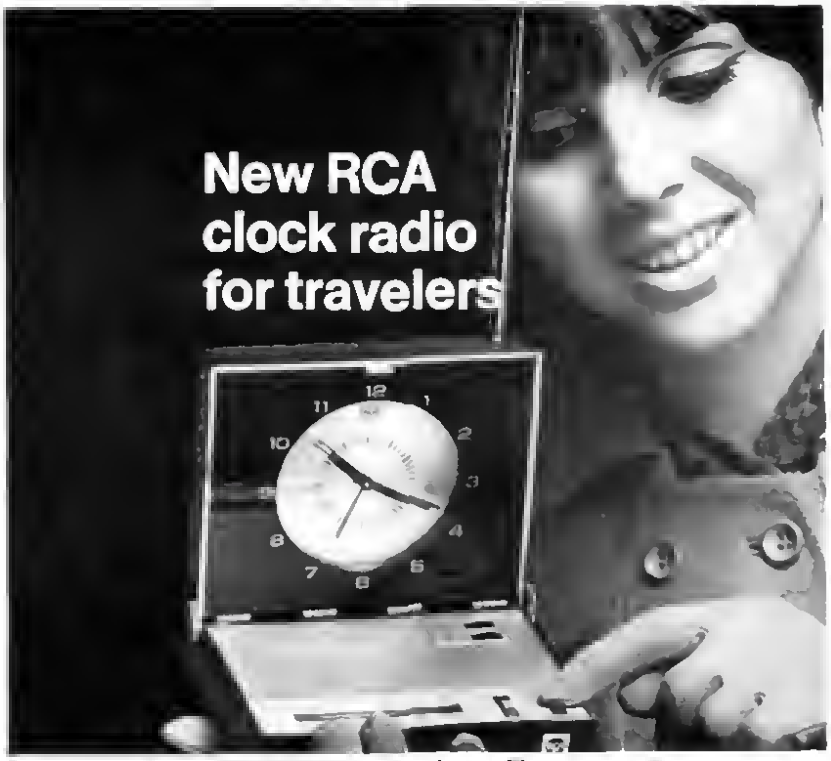
"He just grabbed me so much, I couldn't back him off," said Dancer. "I choked him down. He was rarin' to go because he was extra sharp."

Choking, Cardigan Bay quickly fell back to sixth place, and there he stayed. When he was unable to move him up again, Dancer thought his horse might have broken a bone because "he took some funny steps," but Cardigan came out of the race perfectly sound, if not any closer to that $1 million.

Cardinal King, with Billy Myer substituting in the sulky for Dancer, was hardly a factor in the first half, but when Cardigan Bay made his move Myer had Cardinal King follow him. "I didn't feel too happy till the last half," said Myer, one of the best catch drivers in the business. "I felt good then, though. I was right beside First Lee on the last turn and I knew I had a real good chance."

Indeed, he was perfectly placed for the stretch drive. With First Lee still on the rail, Cardinal King, fresher and on

continued



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firm ground, outpaced him in the last yards and won going away by almost two lengths.

Dancer, who split his 10% of the purse with Myer, as is customary, insisted he was not trying to help Myer by challenging First Lee with Cardigan Bay. "I was driving that horse for Stanley Dancer," he said. "Actually, I could have helped Billy and Cardinal King more if I'd gone faster, but I felt I had to rate my horse in a mile-and-a-half race. So I choked him down. I'm more than happy for Nevele Acres. Cardinal King was certainly worth $35,000, wasn't he?"

Dancer was happy for Billy, too. The 51-year-old Myer, one of nine harness racing Myer brothers, has had his ups and downs in harness racing, but Dancer has used him frequently as a catch driver, and with success.

So the "wrong" half of the entry went to the winner's circle, and Billy Myer, not Stanley Dancer, got to take off his cap and goggles in the spotlight and shake hands with Ed Sullivan, who presented the trophy. Kevin Robinson was already back in the paddock, unperturbed and saying, "I'll have to be content with the minor money."

The Wollongongers were not too downhearted, either. There were two races left in Yonkers' international series, the Good Time Pace this week and the National Championship Pace on May 9, and they were pleased "to have another lash at it." Like many in the crowd, the Aussies still felt that their horse was better than Cardinal King and could have held off the final challenge if he had not had to waste his energy earlier dueling with Cardigan Bay. They remembered a trial race early in April at Dancer's farm when First Lee went up against Cardinal King and a third horse to prove his ability to New York harness racing officials. First Lee trailed Cardinal King by three lengths at the final turn but moved up steadily in the stretch and won rather easily.

Whatever First Lee does in those two races at Yonkers, he will be sold and the Aussies will fly back to their half of the world loaded down with Yankee dollars. Anzac horseflesh is an extremely valuable commodity in the pacing market these days and, after all, First Lee won't reach age 12 for six more years. As for Cardigan Bay, don't bet he won't hit that million. **END**


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How to make idle time work for you

Slow play on the golf course is a problem, not only for the twice-a-week golfer but also for the players on the pro tour. I am not known as a fast player and, like every other golfer, I become physically and mentally fatigued whenever I am out on a course for five or six hours. Fatigue normally will cause your score to soar, but I have found several ways to combat this. To keep physically strong, I always make certain that I have a lot of liquids in me, especially drinks with plenty of sugar. Maintaining a keen mental edge is more difficult. When play on a course is slow most golfers lose their concentration for three reasons: 1) they will go to a tee, sit down and wait for the group ahead of them to hit second shots; 2) they will stand aimlessly by their ball in the fairway waiting for the same group to putt out; and 3) they will wait idly on a green watching the other members of their group line up and attempt to make putts. This is no way to play golf. I mean, you just can't get up from a bench, walk over to your teed-up ball and hit a golf shot. It doesn't work. Instead of sitting down on a tee, you should walk out onto the fairway a little and inspect the hole, glancing at the position of the traps and other trouble and figuring how you want to play your tee shot. After you walk out to your drive you should try to get a closer look at the green, noticing the position of the pin and determining exactly what type of approach shot you want to play. And when you do reach the green you should line up your putt while the others in your group are lining up theirs. All these things keep you alert and make the long wait profitable.



FRANCIS GOLDEN

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THE STILL HORIZONTAL TAPE SNAPS AS JAMES FINISHES HIS SENSATIONAL QUARTER

The Mighty Burner blazes on

Villanova's super sophomore, Larry James, turned in the fastest 440 ever run as he anchored his team to its fifth title at the Penn Relays

For most of its 74 years the Penn Relays has been the nation's top speed carnival east of Indianapolis. With more than 6,000 athletes (from Harvard to Wissahickon High School of Ambler, Pa.) competing in 136 events, it is a foretaste of heaven for a track and field fan. In recent years, however, with relay carnivals sprouting up almost everywhere every weekend, the Penn Relays has come to be regarded more as a social than an athletic happening. Carloads of young people pile into Philadelphia from Washington, Baltimore, Newark and New Haven, more interested in where the parties are that night than who is running in the 440 relay.

But last weekend a group of trackmen from Villanova, which is 23 minutes away if you take the Penn Central's Paoli Local, brought back a lot of the old interest in the competition itself. The Villanovans decided to try for an unprecedented five relay titles in the two-day meet. This alone was enough to bring out a total of 37,800 people to Franklin Field, most of whom will remember the daytime action a lot longer than what took place after the sun set, because five relay titles is what Villanova won.

And although they were the drawing card and the stars, the Wildcats weren't the only hit of the show. A shy Toledo University seniornamed Aaron Hopkins leaped to the end of the pit in the triple jump to set a new NCAA record of 53′ 5¼″, nine inches better than the old mark. Hopkins, who came to school on a basketball scholarship but who hasn't played since Toledo discovered that he was a better horizontal jumper than an up-and-down rebounder, had a previous best jump of only 51′ 4½″, and that was wind-aided. He has never been in an international meet, though he did earn brief national recognition when he won the NCAA indoor long jump two years ago. His triple jump at Penn was the first NCAA track record ever for Toledo. If Hopkins keeps up his present rate of improvement the Glass Capital of the World will have a second claim to fame.

But back to the drawing card. Although no one at Villanova had announced officially that the Wildcats were going for the big five, when they *did* try it was about as surprising as H.H.H.'s announcement that he was going to run for president. Even so, winning five relays in one meet is like having five aces in your hand in a game of five-card stud: it isn't possible. Or, at least, that is what everyone said. But Jumbo Elliott, the always-smiling Villanova coach, had a supercard up his sleeve. In fact, he had three—Larry James, Frank Murphy and Dave Patrick.

James, the slim sprinter from White Plains, N.Y., who was only No. 2 on his high school's mile-relay team, recorded the fastest 440 ever run when he anchored the mile-relay team to a 3:06.1 with a startling 43.9 leg. The mile relay was the final event of the marathon two-day meet and, although James had run three 440s in the previous 24 hours, he had saved sufficient energy for the grand finale. When he received the baton he was five yards behind Rice's Dale Bernauer, a fine quarter-miler, but that didn't seem to have much effect on James. "He's the mighty burner!" a teammate shouted. "Watch him cook."

A graceful, floating runner whose feet never seem to touch the ground, James caught Bernauer, flowed past him on the backstretch and went on to win by 12 yards. His time is not a world record, since it was made on a relay leg, but it was almost a full second faster than Tommie Smith's 44.8 world mark. After the race James was mobbed by teammates, friends and well-wishers, and by the time he made it into the locker room he confessed, "I'm not used to this. This fame is all new to me."

Villanova scored the first of its five wins on Friday in the distance medley (880-440-1,320-mile), thanks chiefly to a 2:53 in the 1,320 leg by Frank Murphy. The U.S. record for this rarely run distance is 2:54.8, by Jim Grelle in 1964. Elliott recruited the quiet, dark-haired runner unseen from Ireland after his former pupil, Ron Delany, had recommended him highly.

"I figured Murphy would have a good three quarters," said Elliott after the race; "but I never felt he'd run a 2:53. That's fantastic. That establishes him as a really sound 1,500-meter runner."

Murphy was also awed by his time. "A three quarters like that means I'm

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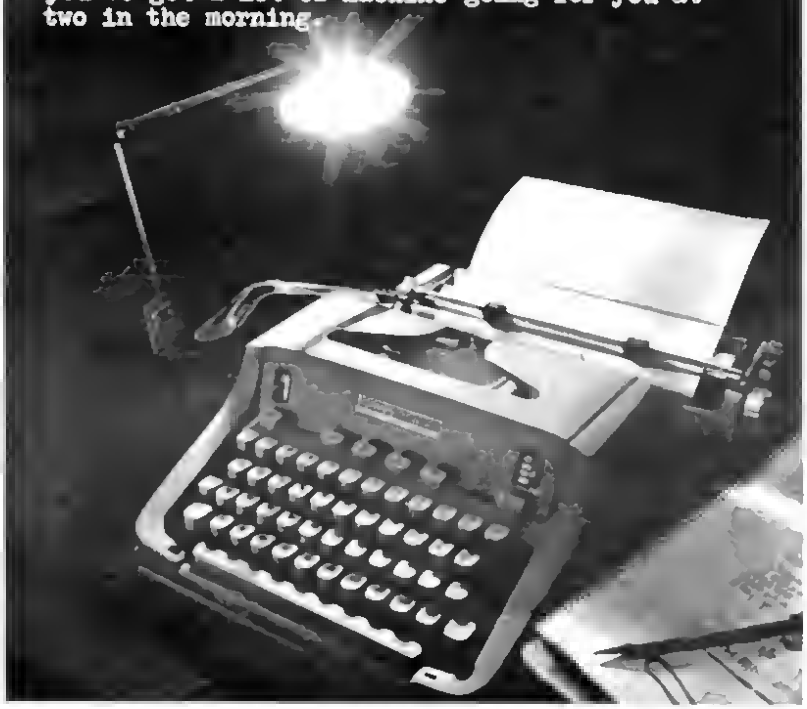
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capable of running a 3:57 mile. For this time of year that's pretty good, and I'm not even in peak shape. If I continue to progress, next month I should be capable of 3:55 or maybe 3:54."

And yet, after everything was over, the biggest man for Villanova was still Dave Patrick. Last year in this same meet Patrick was to run three races. He did well in the first two, but in the third, the anchor leg of the two-mile relay, he collapsed with exhaustion at the finish and ended up second.

"I was dead," he said of that race. "The last thing I remember was diving at the finish line."

This year he had to run not three but four races—a mile and three 880s—and the Wildcats could not win unless he did well in all. After the first day, in which he anchored the distance medley to its win and anchored the sprint medley (440-220-220-880) in its qualifying heat, he proclaimed: "It's entirely different this year. I feel that I'm in as good shape as I've ever been at this stage of the season. And there's that extra incentive—five relay wins."

It's not the kind of thing you talk about," he said, as he continued talking about it. "You try to keep it in back of your mind. We all do. But I haven't been this psyched up since I raced Jim Ryun at the NCAAs last year."

Twenty-two hours later he stood in front of his locker with a big I-told-you-so smile on his face. He had just finished anchoring the Wildcats to their victory in the two-mile relay in a superb 7:21.8, and earlier he had run a winning anchor leg in the sprint-medley relay.

"It feels good," he said.

"Could you run one more race?" he was asked. "Sure," he replied. "If I had to. If we win the five it will show people what kind of team we have. We enter five. We win five."

So, as the sun finally set over historic Franklin Field and the party seekers left to go seek their parties, Jumbo Elliott stood outside the Villanova locker room, smiling. He said that he thought James was one of the top three quarter-milers in the nation, along with Lee Evans and Vince Matthews. He said he thought his squad was deeper this year. As he was saying all the things winning coaches say, Frank Murphy came up to him with the silver tray that had been given to him as the Most Valuable Performer in

the meet (besides the 1,320, he also anchored the four-mile relay team and ran a leg on the two-mile relay). Murphy said to Elliott, "I think Larry should get this."

"You want to give it to him?" smiled Elliott.

"No," said Murphy. "I think I'll keep it."

It's a shame that there weren't three MVP awards, because James, Patrick and Murphy each deserved one. And anytime you can get a fifth ace out of a deck you deserve a trophy, too. So make that four trophies, one for Jumbo.

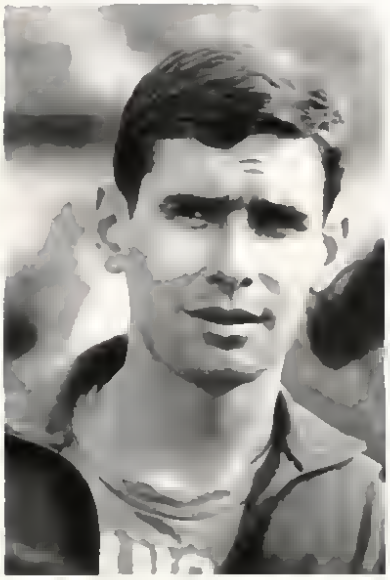
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The Midwest and the West had their speed carnivals, too. In Des Moines, the Saturday afternoon portion of the Drake Relays had been sold out for two days and, according to Correspondent Bob Asbille, scalpers were getting $10 for $4.50 tickets. The reason? Jim Ryun.

Last year Ryun went under four minutes twice in relay legs and anchored Kansas to a world-record 9:33.8 in the distance medley. Fans were anxious for more of the same this year, but they were disappointed. Ryun, clocking no dazzling times, ran only to help Kansas win. His slow—for him—4:07 anchor in the distance medley miffed the spectators, and his decision not to run in the finals of the sprint medley crushed them.

By ordinary standards Ryun had an

continued



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excellent two days. He ran a 1.48.6 anchor 880 on Friday to qualify Kansas for the Saturday sprint-medley finals, and on the same day he did a 1:48.2 half to pull his two-mile team to victory. "I hadn't expected to go that fast," he said later, "but when that fellow passed me it really teed me off. How fast did I go? 1:48? I'll settle for that."

Saturday when the P.A. system announced that Ryun was "next up to anchor the distance medley," the fans started buzzing. "Go under 3:55, Jim," yelled one man. Ryun was cheered lustily through the first lap, but by the half mile the yelling had subsided. Ryun got serious only in the last 125 yards when he moved out to win easily. Later, when Kansas scratched from the sprint medley, Coach Bob Timmons explained, "Jim is too tired. He isn't feeling up to par."

"I'm mentally tired," said Ryun. "I can't get psyched up."

The huzzahs at Drake went mainly to Van Nelson of St. Cloud State, who won the three- and six-mile races for the third straight year. He did 13:17.4 in the three on Friday, going under the 13:18 Olympic qualifying time, and on Saturday he ran 28:22.2 in the six.

At the Mt. San Antonio Relays in Walnut, Calif., the U.S. Army team from Fort MacArthur was confident of breaking the distance-medley record. Then, reports Correspondent Anita Verschoth, the anchor man, Miler Bob Day, became ill 20 minutes before the race. Coach Ralph Higgins, hurriedly looking around for a substitute, found Half-miler Darnell Mitchell, whose own race was still three hours off, resting in the team bus. Higgins, keeping Bob Tobler in the leadoff quarter mile, put Mitchell in the half-mile leg, moved Tom Von Ruden from the half to the three quarters and shifted Preston Davis from the three quarters to the anchor mile. His makeshift team won by more than 60 yards in 9:33.4 and broke Kansas' year-old record by 4 seconds as Davis did his mile in 3:59.9, the first time he had ever gone under four minutes.

"I really wanted to stay away from the mile," Davis said afterward. "It's too far. I got trapped into running a few miles indoors, and all of a sudden everybody wants me to be a miler. The secret is, I'm really in shape. I'm training hard for the Olympics and I'm no longer going to night clubs every night like I did last year." **END**

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The Channel Is a Place to Suffer

From Cap Gris Nez to the cliffs of Dover is a routine 21-mile passage, unless you choose to swim it. For those who have conquered its cold and currents to step out on the opposite shore, life holds no greater triumph

BY DICK MILES

Mr. Wood's basement flat was 100 yards from the sea and 10 feet below it. Spindrift hovered about its entrance. I worked the bell three shorts and a long, as Mr Wood's note had instructed me to, and the door parted a creaking cautious inch to reveal an eyeglassed eye and half a pair of lips "Is it Mr Miles?" the lips whispered apprehensively. "Ah, yes So it is Just so Come in, then, come in. I don't open for unexpected callers. Devil of a nuisance they are. Only the necessary tradesmen know that signal, Mr. Miles. Three shorts and a long Beethoven's *Fifth*, you know."

The rest of Mr. J. Unicume Wood matched He was beaming, elderly, chipper, English, and wore slippers, wide herringbone trousers and a frayed brown alpaca cardigan His rust-hued countenance radiated health and intelligence—as though he had spent a joyous lifetime reading books in a wet wind. He was also the retired Hon. Secretary of England's Channel Swimming Association, and I was visiting him last spring to gather some facts on long-distance swimmers.

Mr. Wood lives in Dover, a snug, salt-bleached gulls' roost in England's southeast coast famous for its White Cliffs, its sole, the canonization of its beach by Matthew Arnold and as the world's springboard for English Channel swimmers. I had seen the cliffs, tasted the fish and read the poem, all in my teens, but as a lifelong land lover I never had had a clue to swimming Indeed, as I approached my talk with Mr Wood, my total swimming background was a singular scrap of farewell advice from a friend in London. "Be sure to ask about that chap Donald Dunlap," he had said, though Dunlap was not the man's real name. "He's simply fantastic! They call him the 'Back-in-Time-for-Tea' swimmer."

Mr. Wood led me to a living room of bric-a-brac, antimacassars and small pieces of ancient mahogany furniture,

continued

neatly arranged. On a shelf a schooner was dry-docked in a bottle. Seated, Mr. Wood silently appraised my 130-pound tonnage and, like a child who has unwrapped a Christmas gift and found a book, a twinge of dejection dimmed the twinkle in his eyes. Politely but somewhat indulgently he inquired: "And how far have you swum, Mr. Miles?"

"Oh, no," I said quickly. "I drove down from London."

Mr. Wood firmed up his glasses a notch and examined me with new interest. Then, enunciating slowly and with care, he said, "No, Mr. Miles. I mean your longest swim. How far was it?"

"Oh, I see. Well, actually, I'm a non-swimmer."

"*A non-swimmer?*" he exclaimed. "A non-swimmer? Indeed, sir. Then you mean, Mr. Miles, that you're not here to try the English Channel? Dear, dear, what a pity. You really should, you know. Everyone should tackle the Channel. At least once. Well, tut, tut, never mind, the water's too cold now anyway. Can you stay until July or August, Mr. Miles? No? Very well, then. What can I do for you, sir?"

"Well, sir, I'm here to learn. For instance, what about a swimmer named Donald Dunlap?"

"A swimmer named Donald Dunlap! [The ends of my sentences seemed to form the beginnings of his.] Donald Dunlap? A *swimmer?* By George, who called him that? Ha! Jolly good. I shouldn't think anyone has ever called Dunlap that before." Mr. Wood braced himself as a spasm of cough-laughter seized him. "Lord, I must remember to tell my wife. Dunlap! A swimmer! Back-in-Time-for-Breakfast Dunlap."

The joke was huge, but apparently private, so I continued gravely, "I thought they called him 'Back-in-Time-for-*Tea*' Dunlap."

"Oh, they do, they do," Mr. Wood sputtered. "Why, they call him both. Don't you see that whether he's called 'Back-in-Time-for-Tea' or 'Back-in-Time-for-Breakfast' all depends on when Dunlap *starts* swimming. If he starts after lunch—well, then he gives up soon enough to be back in time for tea. But if he starts before dawn—well, then he gives up early enough to be back for breakfast. You see, the poor fellow can't last more than a few hours. . . ."

"Do you mean Donald Dunlap can't swim?"

"Swim? Dunlap? Swim the English Channel? That dog-paddler! Why, someone's been giving you a leg-pull, sir. Do you know what Dunlap looks like when he swims? Now, how can I possibly describe him. . . . Have you ever seen a cormorant? Well, that's the way Dunlap looks. His neck three feet out of the sea and his head swiveling back and forth like a periscope. The Channel, indeed! And do you know why Dunlap swims that way, sir? Hasn't anyone told you? Because he claims he doesn't like to get his face wet. Dunlap swim the English Channel? Utter nonsense. Why, he's tried it a dozen times already, and he must be in his mid-50s by now. The man's obsessed, I fear. Secretly he believes that one day he really will beat the Channel. Oh, I've seen Dunlaps before. I've seen careers ruined, homes broken. All because a man gets it into his head that he must swim that Channel. It's a sickness, and your Dunlap has the worst case of it I've ever seen. Why, the man never learned to swim until he was 40.

"No, Mr. Miles, it's pointless to discuss a chap like Dunlap when you're talking about swimming the English Channel. The Channel takes willpower and endurance. It takes courage. The Channel's for swimmers willing to suffer, willing to take punishment. Swimmers who can fight the cold and the tides for 20 hours or more. Swimmers like Zirganos, the Greek; or Brojen Das, the Pakistani; or Abd-el Latif and Hassan Abd-el Rheim, the Egyptians; or your Gertrude Ederle and Florence Chadwick and Ted Erikson; or Couto, the Brazilian; or Abertondo, or Mickman or . . . but why go on? To you they are just names. But I assure you, sir, they were swimmers."

Mr. Wood paused to allow his information to penetrate, and I paused to draw a mental line through the name of Dunlap. Then Mr. Wood resumed his recital: "I recall a swim by Brojen Das. I was serving as official observer for him. Plucky as that man was, sir, he was so exhausted after 15 hours in the water that he almost got beaten within 10 yards of the shore. Ten yards, mind you. The surf was breaking high, you see, and Brojen was swimming to shore dog-tired and feeble when an enormous wave lifted him up like a chip of wood and stranded him atop a huge flat rock that was sticking up perhaps 20 feet out of the sea. And there Brojen stayed, high and dry, marooned flat on his stomach, totally exhausted, too weak to move a hand or foot. And, what's more, this was a Channel race with prize money at stake and Brojen was first in.

" 'Jump, Brojen!' I called. 'There's £500 waiting for you 10 yards away. Jump!' But Brojen couldn't move. What to do. I couldn't touch him to pull him down from that rock, of course. It would mean instant disqualification. But just then, luckily, another wave came along, a twin sister to the one that had grounded him there, and it swept Brojen off like a splinter and hurled him headfirst into the face of the cliffs. Oh, there was no doubt about it. Brojen finished, all right. He cleared the water. There was no water beyond.

"And I remember Fahmy Attallah, too. Now there was a man of courage. An Egyptian philosophy student, cheerful and dignified. He came over in 1950 for the first international cross-Channel race. And a splendid race it was. One of Channel swimming's finest hours. We had not seen a pageant like that in the Channel since Dunkirk. Twenty-four great swimmers from all parts of the world. They started at 2:30 a.m. on the French coast just below Calais. Cap Gris Nez, the place is called. I accompanied that wild Scotsman, Ned Barnie, who must've drunk two bottles of Scotch while swimming across. Well, home I went and climbed into bed. But in the dead of night the telephone rang. 'Come up on the cliffs,' a friend was shouting on the line, 'and watch a great spectacle. Fahmy Attallah's still swimming. He's struggling 300 yards from the shore.'

"And Fahmy was, too. Still trying,

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mind you, after 26 hours in the Channel —though by this time he was almost unconscious, barely hovering. In the dark a searchlight had been focused on him, and with binoculars we watched from the cliffs while Fahmy fought against the current. Oh! Those last 300 yards can be terrible. Back and forth, back and forth Fahmy wavered. It went that way for more than an hour. Twice he turned over on his back, and only his legs were moving, feebly. Total exhaustion. You can see the signs. It affects their minds. Once, Fahmy suddenly brought up an astonishing burst of reserve strength and quite amazingly began to stroke stronger than ever, almost sprinting. But he was dazed. He had lost all sense of direction. He was racing back to France. The observer knew that Fahmy could drown, so he wisely ordered the boatman to reach over and touch Fahmy's body, and that disqualified him on the spot.

"I saw Fahmy when they carried him ashore to the ambulance. He had swum 27 hours and 30 minutes—only to fail. 'I could have made it,' he kept crying pathetically. 'I could have made it. Why did you take me out? Why?' "

Thus began my education in Channel swimming. The amiable Mr. Wood was irrepressible. Like the Ancient Mariner, he held me with his glittering eye, and went on.

The Channel passion was first kindled, he explained, in the bleak winter of 1862 when an inexplicably motivated English seaman named Hoskins blithely floated himself from Dover to Calais on a bundle of straw. Today, long-distance swimmers tend to look upon the Hoskins venture as more prank than feat —the way the AAU might regard a broad jumper on a pogo stick. Nonetheless, it stirred in more audacious souls the yearning to swim across.

The first unarmed hopeful entered the water 10 years later. The Channel rebuffed him in one hour and three minutes. But in 1875, on a clear August afternoon, Captain Matthew Webb, a 27-year-old Englishman, plunged from a Dover pier and, after an excruciating struggle of 21 hours and 45 minutes, be

continued

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hoisted his bruised and bloated carcass onto French soil and became the Channel's first conqueror.

By modern standards, Captain Webb's time of nearly 22 hours is slow, but Channel swimmers—even those who have halved his time—still mumble about Webb in reverential tones, for they concede that if a foolhardy swimmer today tried to reenact the Captain's swim he would almost certainly fail Webb was a pioneer, and he approached the Channel with only the crudest understanding of his task. For example, lacking a clear knowledge of the Channel's tides, Webb swam from England to France—a seemingly natural route But, in fact, swum in that direction the Channel's currents are not favorable Nowadays most aspirants take the "downhill" route from France to England, on which, if properly timed, the tides can assist. Furthermore, Webb used no goggles, and he took liquids only—ale, brandy, tea, coffee and, strangely, cod-liver oil, which made him seasick Worst of all was Webb's stroke. In 1875 the crawl was unknown, and Webb was saddled with the laborious Victorian sidestroke and the breaststroke, a handicap that added miles to his swim To cover the 21-mile Dover Strait, Webb swam 50 miles.

"In sports, record breakers quickly beget record breakers," Mr Wood observed "But how different with Matthew Webb In fact, I've always felt that the most impressive gauge of his triumph, and the best insight into the nature of the Channel's challenge, is that before the next man successfully swam it again 36 years went by. And during that time more than 70 attempts ended in failure Remarkable"

By now the evangelical light in Mr Wood's eyes seemed to be dimming, so I thanked him, departed and sought out another expert.

Sam Rockett is a name well known in Channel-swimming circles. He beat the Channel on his first try in 1950, swimming the downhill course in 14 hours and 20 minutes. During his swim the waves drummed into his ears a little admonitory ditty called "Never Again, Sam," so he respectably retired, undefeated and unimpaired. But though he is now a weekend swimmer only, he still keeps close watch on the shenanigans in the strait. In the 1950s, Channel swimming's heyday, Sam acted as official organizer for the colorful international races; his book, *It's Cold in the Channel*, reveals the Channel's lure and lore, and he still serves occasionally, he says, as "technical adviser for a swimmer with good prospects."

Rockett is in his late 40s and, like most long-distance swimmers, he is a lounging, bulky, barrel-chested man with ruddy, deep-glowing skin Over lagers in a dim, seasoned pub, which was pervaded by a blend of long-imprisoned aromas and low-keyed discourse, Rockett's bass voice seemed recklessly robust as it boomed from his built-in echo chamber And boom it did, for I had asked my all-purpose question

"Donald Dunlap?" Rockett proclaimed "Well, now, you've chosen a character. He's certainly good for a giggle. What did Mr Wood tell you about Dunlap? He's been a thorn in the side of the association, you know In fact, they've expelled him."

Rockett drooped into a new posture of repose, inhaled half a dozen ounces of lager and said affably: "Yes, they've chucked Dunlap out. They claimed he had no permission to write to Buckingham Palace and invite Prince Philip to observe a Channel swim from a launch But the real trouble started a few years back when Dunlap, quite on his own, began promoting the idea of relay teams in the Channel. The CSA didn't like



that at all. But Dunlap placed notices in *The Times*, sent letters to schools, and the next thing you knew the Channel was cluttered up with teams of 12-year-old schoolgirls. It was poor publicity, you see, for it rather undermined the dangers of Channel swimming. Like the time you Americans sent over Pierre, a trained seal who swam across in five hours. So you can see why Mr. Wood would be upset with Dunlap's relays."

Indeed I could. The picture cleared instantly. The gentle Mr. Wood's derision of Dunlap had seemed gratuitous, out of character. But I understood it now. To him, Dunlap was a pariah, an iconoclast of the cult of bravery, a subverter of the English way of life. Even I could see it was heretical to stuff the splendid English Channel with tireless hordes of teeny-boppers, collectively conquering the Channel by snipping it off a yard each. The Channel belonged to Captain Webb and his staunch followers. By encouraging relays, Dunlap was committing an act of treachery as barbaric as if he had surreptitiously sown the center court at Wimbledon with dandelion seeds.

"Have you heard about Dunlap's theories on why he can't swim the Channel?" Rockett continued. "They're rich. For a while he claimed that boredom was his undoing. He said that just moving his arms and legs was too tedious. That he needed diversion. So on one attempt he hung a wireless in a plastic bag over the stern of the launch and listened to the BBC. Another time he constructed a huge checkerboard that had numbered squares with hooks while the pieces had loops behind them. The observer agreed to play and move the pieces —of course, they never finished a game. Dunlap stopped swimming too soon.

"But I guess Dunlap's latest theory is his best. He now claims it's not boredom but lack of willpower. So he is coming down this year with a man he calls his 'bully.' It seems Dunlap has made some arrangement with his old army sergeant major, the man he was most afraid of in all his life. He intends to pay him £50 to bully him across the Channel. The plan calls for the sergeant major, if he sees Dunlap slowing down, to lean over the side of the launch, in full uniform and medals, and rage at Dunlap in his best professional-bully manner. 'Swim, Dunlap!' he'll say. 'Swim, you horrible little man, you! Dunlap! You haven't started swimming yet!'

"No, the Channel's not for Dunlap," Rockett continued. "Why, the Channel beats even great swimmers. The Channel can grind, grind, grind you down bit by bit, or it can destroy you with one crushing blow."

Rockett sipped some beer reflectively, as if recalling his old enemy in silent respect. Then he went on: "Now you would think, wouldn't you, that a good long-distance swimmer could easily manage 21 miles. After all, Abertondo, the Argentinian, twice made 30-hour swims across the River Plate. From Uruguay to Argentina. Over fifty miles. Nonstop. But the Plate is a warm, lovely river, steady and dependable. It is not the Channel. Those tides. So many things can go wrong. We had a German lad come over some years back. Strong swimmer. But he started on the wrong tide from Calais and 20 hours later he wound up in the North Sea.

"Do you know anything about tides? You should. They are the most crucial factor on a Channel swim. Tides and the weather. It is the neap tides that are best for Channel swimmers. On the spring tides the moon lifts up more water, so you get a faster flow. On the neaps, the tidal flow runs around 1½ knots, on the spring tides it's almost twice that. You see. . . ?"

"I see."

". . . So, twice a month, when the neap tide occurs, you get about five swimming days if—and it's a big if—if the weather is fair, too. For you've got to have a reasonably calm sea along with your neap tide, and not even the Admiralty can predict how the wind will blow on any particular day. I've seen it go from a flat calm to force seven in 15 minutes—the kind of thing that can beat a swimmer a hundred yards from the beach.

"We had an English swimmer named Mickman. On two successive tries from England to France he had to give up within not more than a good two-wood shot of the coast. When the French journalists waiting at Calais saw him so close they rushed to file their stories, and a cheering crowd greeted Mickman's launch when he returned to Dover.

"Yes, that wind can be frustrating. Why, I've seen an entire Channel-swimming season slip by—from July to September—without one day fit for a start. And, mind, boats and pilots reserved, official observers from the association standing by and swimmers from every nation just waiting for a calm day on a neap tide. Sometimes, if a swimmer's money or time runs out, he'll make a try on a spring tide. But it's much harder, usually."

If the weather is right, Rockett explained, the next crucial step is the timing of the daily cycle of ebb tide and flood tide. Swimming from France, for instance, the pilot will chart a course approximately northwest, but because of the ebb and flood the swimmer actually makes a crude Z-shaped course, a three-legged zigzag, west-north-west. The swimmer will start from Cap Gris Nez on the last two hours of the ebb tide. That flows southwesterly. For these two hours, swimming northwest, he makes good a course almost due west.

Then the ebb tide slacks off and gives way to the flood tide. That flows northeasterly, and it runs for 5½ hours. It is this second leg, on the flood tide, that makes the France-England crossing "downhill," for it carries the swimmer north for 5½ hours and should leave him just southwest of the Goodwin Sands —a notorious graveyard studded with hulls and masts, including those of the Spanish Armada. From the Goodwin Sands, in the two-hour slack-water period between the flood tide and the next ebb tide, the swimmer makes good his final maneuver toward the coast—if he is on schedule. It is in this slack-water period that he must get in close enough to the coast so that with the next ebb tide, flowing southwesterly, he will make his landfall. Failing to get shoreward enough on the slack water can mean disaster, for the ebb tide may

continued

sweep him down the coast, and he will not land at all.

Apart from tides and winds, other problems confront Channel swimmers. The launch must be piloted by an expert whose brain should be a filing cabinet of information on the Dover Strait. The very best pilots outsmart the Channel intuitively. Nowadays the cost of hiring a pilot and his launch runs around $200 an attempt, successful or not.

Another blight is the Channel's cold. During the winter months, coatless, hatless and blanketless, Channel aspirants build up their tolerance to the chilling 57° to 62° that they will undergo for a dozen hours or more. After a swim, men shake as though palsied, though women, with their extra layers of fat, are less affected.

Schools of jellyfish, too, meander in the strait. During the day an experienced pilot can avoid the purplish masses on the water, sometimes 100 yards square. But at night sudden stabs of pain raise welts on the swimmer's body.

Shipping is another menace. The Channel lanes are among the busiest in the world, and the swimmer goes directly across them. In the dark, a huge ship bearing down on the launch and the swimmer is a semiblind demon to be diverted with sirens, a powerful searchlight and flaming, gasoline-dipped rags waved wildly on sticks.

Cramps must be overcome by the swimmer himself, for once in the water he may not be touched, nor can he touch the boat. Should that happen, even accidentally, the official observer assigned by the CSA would disqualify him. Feeding arrangements, therefore, become complicated. A five-foot feeding pole with a net at one end in which the food is placed is a common method. The swimmer often drinks high-energy mixtures from disposable bottles, taking care not to swallow sea water lest it induce seasickness. "It isn't amusing to see a swimmer seasick," Rockett told me. "In fact, it's pathetic. Apart from the weather, it's the commonest cause of failure. Food is the swimmer's vital energy, and he must be able to keep it down."

The pub seemed to get warmer, snugger and dryer as I listened. Rockett smiled broadly and drained the last of his lager. Then, leveling his empty glass at me for emphasis, he veered abruptly to another tack. He bellowed gaily: "You see, we English have always been a seafaring people. Britannia Rule the Waves, and all that."

His words bounded around the pub. Hearing them, the florid publican, in a checked vest and shirt-sleeves, was, unbidden, bounteously moved to bring us more lager. At a dart board a wizened Barnacle Bill in a shiny dark suit wearily muttered "hear, hear," and with his lobster claw pitched a red-feathered dart. It sailed noiselessly and alighted on the target like a small bright bird.

"Yes," Rockett went on, "England has always been proud of her heroes of the sea—Captain Cook, Sir Francis Drake, and now Sir Francis Chichester. But we've had our Chichesters in the Channel, too. I don't suppose you've ever heard of Ted May, have you? He was a Chichester—but a Chichester without a boat. The only case of its kind. Ted May tried to swim the Channel unescorted, all alone. And there are still people who say that if it hadn't been for me Ted May would be alive today.

"May was a steel worker from Scunthorpe. Forty-four years old, 6′ 2″ and close to 250 pounds. He came down to Dover hoping to enter the big international race in 1954. Actually, he was a good swimmer, but I was in charge of entries and, since we could not take everyone, I turned him down. But I had no idea what he was contemplating to do to prove himself. When we found out it was too late. We knew he was inviting death, but no one could dissuade him, neither we in England nor the French. But here is how May himself told his story."

Rockett reached into a briefcase at his feet and drew out a copy of his book, *It's Cold in the Channel*. He found the place, passed it to me, and I read Ted May's testimony.

Nobody organizing long-distance swimming competitions in England would give me the opportunity of swimming the Channel. I wanted to show them I could do it without their assistance. I constructed from a blown up motorcar inner tube a pannier [a basket raft]. Before I went into the sea today I put into the pannier—made from a coffee tin—a compass, two bottles of rum, sliced chicken, sugar and biscuits. I struck out from Cap Gris Nez with the inner tube and pannier strung out behind me. After about five hours I wanted something to eat. So I pulled in the tray and found that the chicken and biscuits had been washed away. The bottles of rum were still there and I took a long drink. I swam for another hour and then saw ahead of me the white cliffs of Dover. My confidence was greater than ever. The sun was shining, the skies were clear. Then suddenly the weather changed. The skies went black, the surface was ruffled by wind and rain started. I decided to swim back to France. I swam for about two hours, and then over the horizon I saw the masts of a ship. I shouted and waved and the steamer came alongside. By this time the sea was so rough that they could not pull me aboard a lifeboat. Instead, they tied a rope around me and pulled me on board.

"But that was merely May's first attempt," Rockett said. "Two weeks later he was determined to try again, and no one managed to restrain him. The Calais police seized his passport, but May didn't care. On the morning of September 7, 1954, May was again on the beach at Cap Gris Nez. A strong wind was beginning to blow, and for 10 minutes May indecisively studied the sea, wondering whether to start. Impulsively deciding yes, he stripped, applied three layers of grease, put on cap and goggles, which he had not used the first time, and strapped a compass to his wrist.

"Fifteen hours later a wide air-sea rescue hunt was under way that included RAF and U.S. airplanes, helicopters and warships. But it was a tanker that spotted Ted May, though just momentarily. He was in a churning sea, waving his arms wildly and apparently shouting like a drowning man, which, in fact, he was. The chief officer threw a life belt, which fell short by 20 feet. It took the tanker eight minutes to turn around. But that was too long. Ted May had used his

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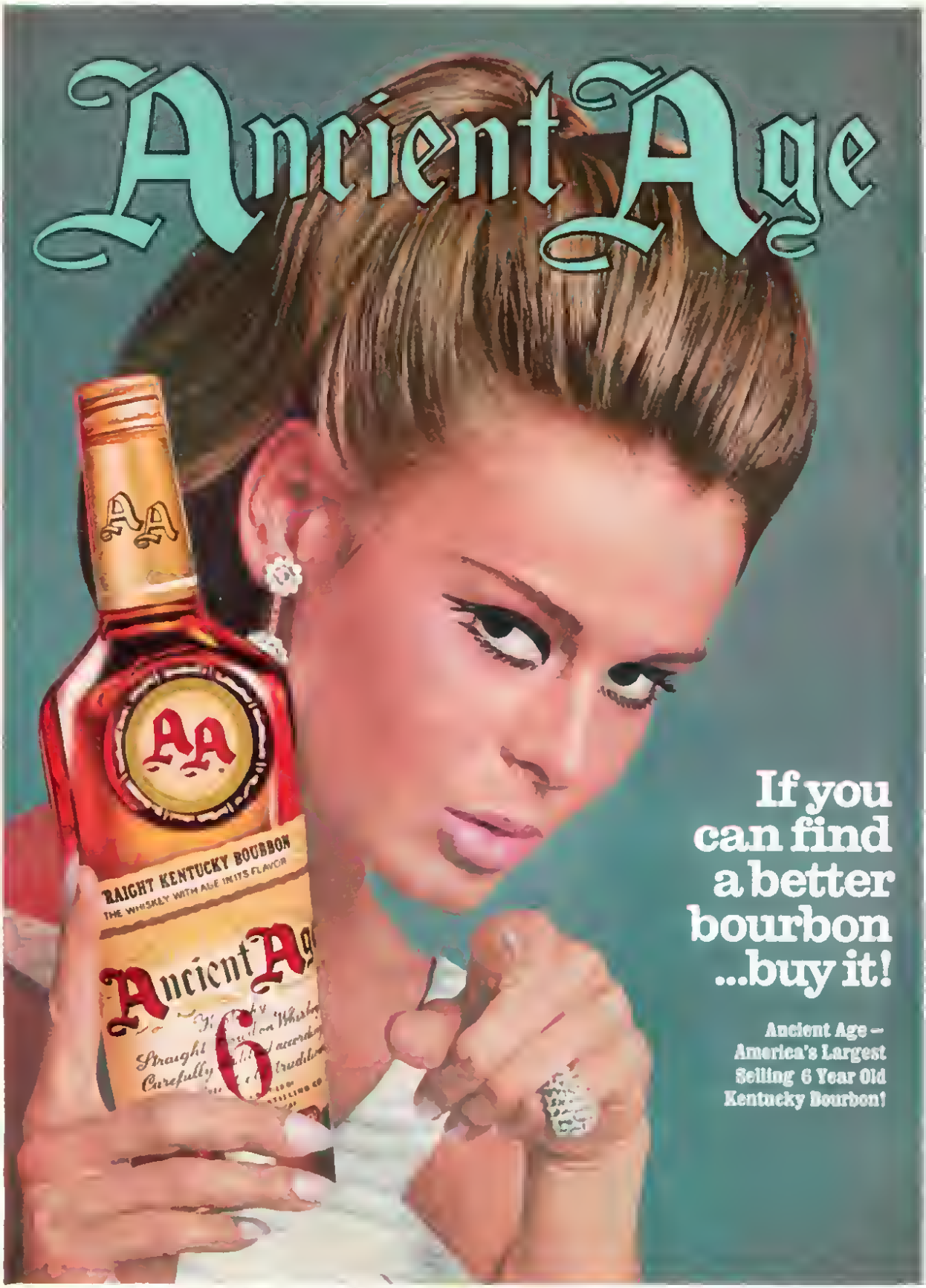
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last strength to flail his arms and shout. At the end of the month a sea corpse with a compass strapped to its wrist washed ashore in Holland."

Rockett paused, allowing the effect of his story, which clung to our table like a grim vapor to dispel itself, but soon he continued: "Two years earlier we had another heroic pioneer, though he was French, not English. Still, he was a swimmer. He had spent so much time training in the Channel that the fish knew his name as well as they know your friend Dunlap's. His name was Alain Louis Bombard.

"Bombard was an oceanologist, in his 20s, and passionately intent on proving that shipwrecked seamen need not die of hunger or thirst. So he took a 15-foot raft, painted it gray so that ships would not pick him up, and set out from the Canary Islands across the Atlantic without food or water. Mind you, no food, no water. Sixty-four days later he put into the West Indies. He had crossed the Atlantic alone, without food or water. 'How?' you ask. Ah! That was Bombard's theory.

" 'Half an hour each morning,' he said, 'sufficed to catch the fish I needed.' So food was no problem. But water . . . that was more difficult. Sometimes it took him as long as 10 hours to slash the fish open, watch for the fresh water to seep out of the tissues and lick it up drop by drop before it evaporated.

"So, you see," Rockett said, "the kind of men the Channel attracts. And while I am at it, I suppose I should tell you what in my mind ranks as the greatest single exploit in Channel-swimming history. It belongs to Antonio Abertondo. I do not think I am prejudiced, even though I planned his famous swim for him and went along on it, too.

"Tony was quite a lad. No one had ever done what Tony did. Others had dreamed of it—your Florence Chadwick was one—but, great as she was, she tried and failed. The experts claimed that no man could do it. But Tony did: a nonstop, round-trip Channel swim—England to France and back again.

"I suppose it is difficult for an outsider, someone who has not endured the pain of a Channel swim, to appreciate what a two-way crossing means. The first thing a novice asks about a Channel swimmer is, 'How fast was his time?' That's well and good, but there is more in a Channel swim than time. For instance, our Barry Watson holds the record for the fastest crossing: Nine hours and 35 minutes, France to England. But is Barry all that fast a swimmer? Certainly not, and he would be the first to admit it. At the other extreme, take the American Henry Sullivan's time back in 1923. He still holds the record for the longest successful crossing—26 hours and 50 minutes, and a struggle all the way. So, in a sense, which is the more magnificent swim? Do you see what I mean?

"I first met Tony Abertondo in the early '50s. Those were big-money days for swimmers. I suppose you find it hard to believe that a top swimmer could earn $100,000 a year, but we had a vast international circuit then.

"Tony did not see much of that prize money, however. He was just too slow for competitions. In fact, he was a shocking swimmer. You would laugh to see him, he was so unorthodox. He was so terribly disjointed; no form, no rhythm, lots of wasted energy. So when I told people that I had encouraged Tony to come over and try for a first-ever two-way nonstop swim, they said I was completely round the bend. You see, they considered Tony the world's worst swimmer.

"But I knew Tony. Swim or not, that man could stay. He could just keep swimming. He had already made a number of swims of over 60 hours, including the Parana River for four days nonstop. Tony was simply a grotesque swimming machine. Give him warm water and Tony might swim around the world. But this was the cold, cold Channel in which no man had lived more than 27½ hours, and we knew Tony would have to stay in longer than that.

"Tony came over in the spring of '61, along with a cook and a trainer. But we had bad luck with weather and could not make our first try until early September. On the first leg of that attempt, from England to France, the wind suddenly came up about force five. We were two miles off Calais when I had to pull Tony out of the water. It was a complete flop.

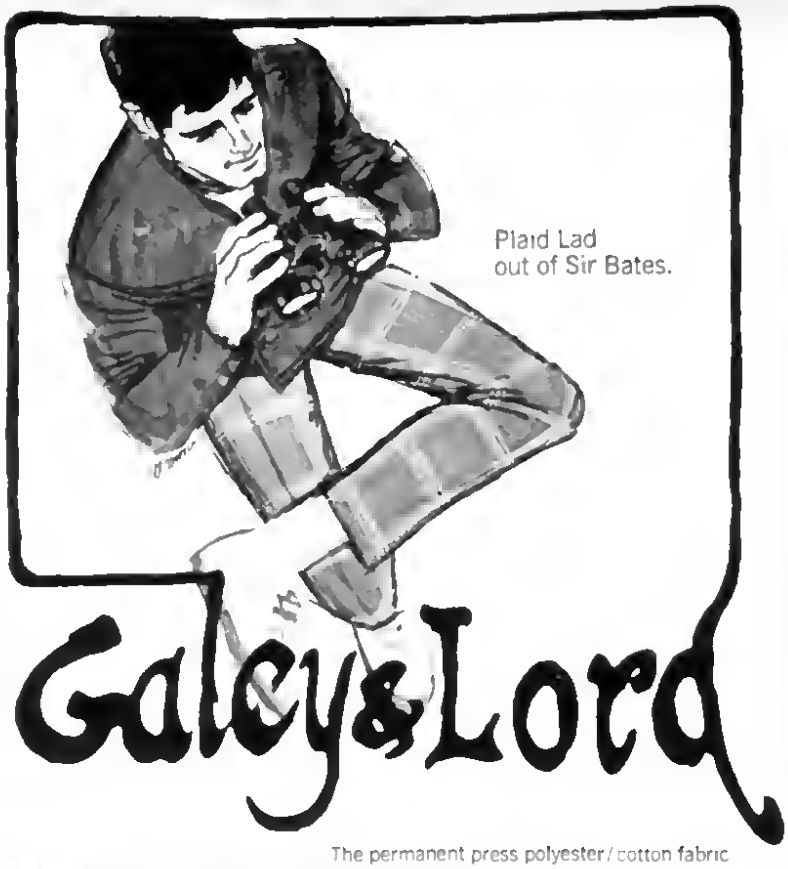
"We made our next try two weeks later. It was a cloudy, cold September morning, I recall, not good swimming weather at all, and I was cross with Tony because his stroke was even more dreadful than usual. In order to catch the right tide on the French side, our schedule called for at least a 16-hour first leg; but, in fact, Tony took well over 18 hours. So, early in the morning Tony landed on a remote spot of the French coast. It was bleak, deserted, with only one French photographer and a journalist there, nothing really to encourage Tony, who looked quite exhausted. Purely as a formality, because the tides were all wrong now, I said to him, 'Tony, do you want to go back in the water?' He answered yes—he was not very enthusiastic, and I thought, well, this is mere face-saving bravado, he'll swim for an hour and then come out. We stood together on the beach for two or three minutes while Tony had a hot drink—remember, the air's colder than the water at that time of year, so you have to keep your swimmer in the water—and Tony waded back in.

"Well, I was dog-tired myself by this time, and I said to the captain, 'Look, I'm going to put my head down for a spell, wake me when you take him out.' But, to my surprise, three hours later I awoke to find the sun warm, the weather perfect and Tony, that phenomenon, swimming strongly and approaching mid-Channel. Now the excitement rose. Dover looked so near. The cliffs seemed so close you'd swear you could throw your hat on them. But I knew, in fact, that Tony had a long, long way to go.

"It was around 6 p.m. that the high drama really began. Tony had weakened rapidly. He could see those cliffs, constantly, just over his head, but they were not getting any closer. And now he began to ask me, over and over, 'How far, Rocco? How far?' All I could tell him was, 'Keep swimming, Tony. Keep swimming.'

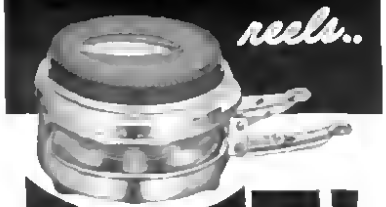
"By this time Tony was a pathetic

continued



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sight. He ached all over. His tongue was swollen, his mouth was all cracked and his voice was a croak. He was like a dying man, you see. There we were, comfortable on board, watching a man in the midst of a dreadful combat. Meanwhile, the lights of Dover were coming on and it looked so gay. All the while Tony kept looking at Dover and the cliffs and then to me out of those enormously swollen and bloodshot eyes and rasping, 'How far, Rocco? How far?'

"Then his hallucinations began. We on board knew the symptoms, we had seen them often before, all those 'anti' feelings that come from total exhaustion. The swimmer begins to feel that everyone connected with his swim is sabotaging him, that the pilot is deliberately taking him round and round in circles, that his drinking water has been salted. And now Tony looked up to his trainer and angrily shouted in Spanish. 'Those posts! Why must I swim through those posts!' And his trainer shouted back, '*Un momento*, Tony. *Un momento*, we will get you over a bit to the left.' So Tony swam on. But soon he was shouting again. 'What are these cursed dogs doing in the water? Who put them there? I refuse to swim another stroke until these dogs are removed from the water!' And his trainer shouted back, '*Un momento*, Tony. '*Un momento*,' and he took an oar and began thrashing the water until the dogs were frightened away and Tony was swimming again.

"I swam the last mile with Tony myself." Rockett said with a somewhat easier quality in his tone. "Our landing point was directly under those 300-foot cliffs with no access to it except by sea. So, in that Stygian gloom, with not a soul to greet us, I shouted to Tony, who was barely conscious. 'Clear the water, Tony!' I said. 'Clear the water!'

'And Tony did. He walked his three paces up the shore and then he slumped on a rock. Tony was an old, old man now. Unrecognizable. And he just sat there and cried."

I thanked Rockett for his tales and time and soon afterward took the overland route back to London, where I

continued

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hoped to have one final talk on swimming. My goal was to track down that strange sinking duck, Donald Dunlap, the Back-in-Time-for-Tea chap. But Dunlap was away, training by the sea perhaps, and a little while later, back in New York, I too was in training, enrolled at a Y but making no headway with the dead man's float. (My own specific gravity seems to be seven, which makes me just a tick more buoyant than tin.)

Yet Channel swimmers were still on my mind and all summer long I screened the sports pages to see who had got across. Dunlap didn't. He had cancelled his try, Rockett wrote me, because his sergeant major had been reassigned to bully some sluggish troops in Singapore. I discovered, however, that Canada's Linda McGill broke the downhill record for women with a 10-hour swim, and I read that a New York City policeman, Tom Hetzel, made a magnificent 18-hour swim on a spring tide and set a new record for the longest successful France-England crossing, 41 miles.

Finally, I learned that in his enthusiasm for Tony Abertondo, Rockett had failed to mention the only other swimmer who had successfully managed a Channel round-tripper, Ted Erikson, a research scientist from Chicago, who set a record of 30 hours and three minutes. I had to talk to him, of course, so I phoned Chicago. But it was Mrs. Erikson who answered, and she told me:

"Oh, you've missed Ted, I'm afraid. He's out swimming at the moment."

"And when will he be home?"

"Let's see now" – there was a pause as Mrs. Erikson presumably checked her watch – "if Ted's on schedule he should be – just about now – approaching the Golden Gate Bridge. He's doing that Farallon Islands to San Francisco Bay swim. You know, the one that beat him last year when the sharks attacked him."

"Thanks," I said. "I'll call back."

But I didn't. A few days later a narrow escape in three feet of water tended to dampen my interest in swimming—almost permanently. **END**



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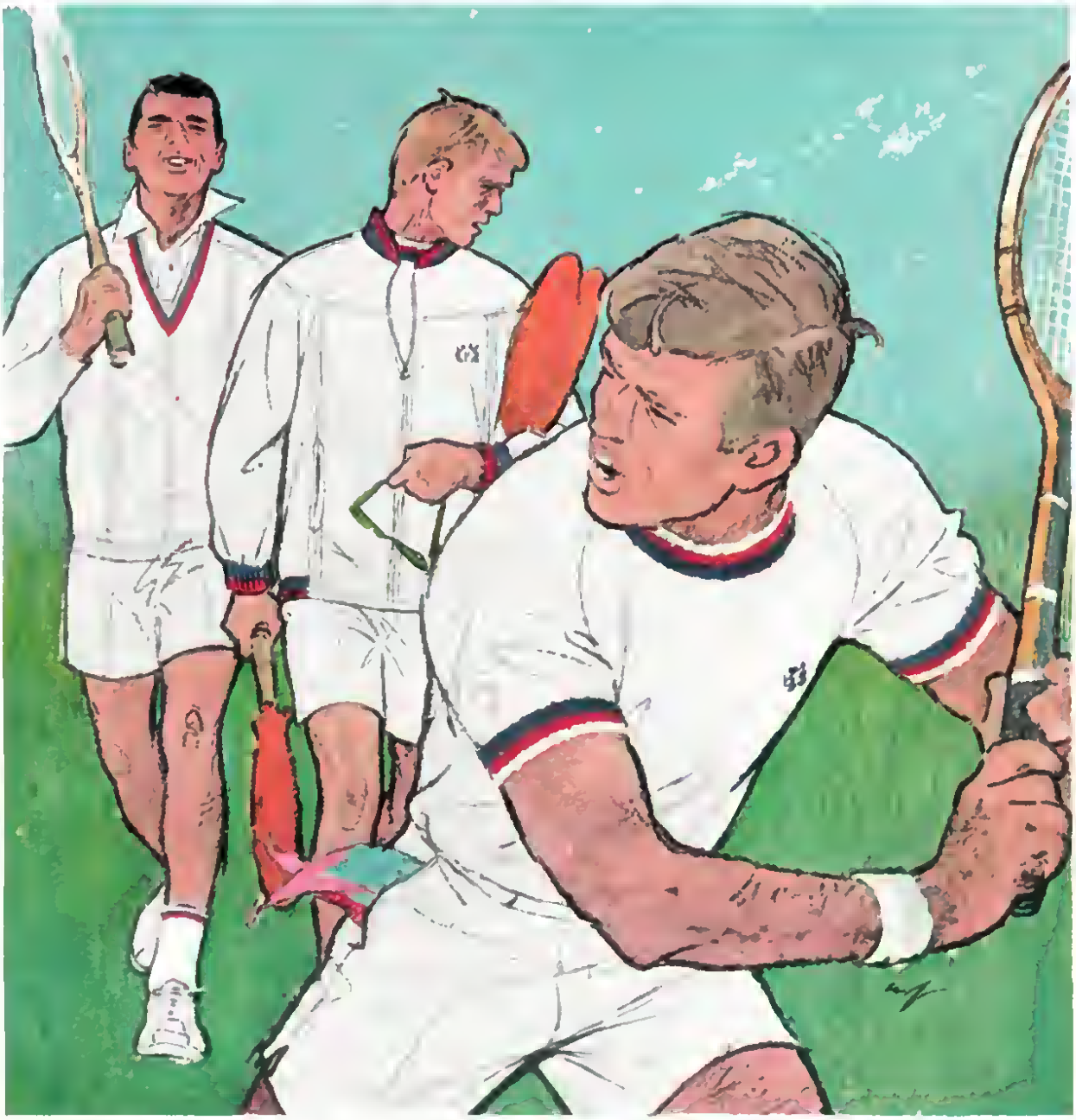
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McGREGOR

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Even though Manager Eddie Stanky characteristically stayed calm, hardly anyone else in CHICAGO (2-2) bothered to keep his cool when the White Sox won their first game of the year after 10 losses. "Carry him off," yelled one Sox player, referring to Reliever Wilbur Wood, who saved the big victory. Back in Comiskey Park, 370 miles away, the club officials let go with the Sox's exploding scoreboard to let the city know they had won. And despite chiding signs like SOX IT TO US, CHICAGO seen in Minnesota, the Sox may yet turn out to be more than a joking matter. Their pitchers are proven winners, and last week Pete Ward, even with his sloppy fielding, was an asset with a .437 average. BALTIMORE (4-2) was the only preseason contender to have a winning week. The Orioles did it mostly on their pitching, which allowed just five runs in the wins. WASHINGTON (4-3) moved up to fourth place with strong relief performances by Darold Knowles and Dennis Higgins and heavy hitting by Frank Howard (.347 BA for the week). NEW YORK (4-3) held sixth place on the tight pitching of Bill Monbouquette, who allowed one run in 16 innings, and Mel Stottlemyre, who ran his record to 3-1 with a three-hit shutout over the Tigers. CALIFORNIA's (3-3) Roger Repoz had just five hits all week, but four of them were homers, boosting his season's total to six and giving him the league lead. OAKLAND (3-3) finished its disappointing initial home stand with a 2-6 record, but found life on the road better, winning two of three on the timely hitting of Rick Monday, who had six RBIs. A .158 team BA was all the support BOSTON (2-2) batters could give Sox pitchers, but still Lee Stange, who threw five innings of tight relief, and Jose Santiago, who scored his second straight shutout, won. DETROIT (2-3) saw its longest winning streak since 1949 stopped at nine, then went into a nosedive. After slugging Outfielder Willie Horton fell injured the Tigers failed to score for 20 innings. Nine of those shutout innings were pitched by CLEVELAND's (2-3) Steve Hargan, who allowed just one hit in gaining his first victory of the season. MINNESOTA's (2-4) sluggers hit only three homers all week. With the team averaging .197, the Twins missed an opportunity to move back into the lead.

Standings: Det 11 4, Minn 9 6, Balt 9 6, Wash 10 7, Bos 8 6, NY 8 8, Oak 7 9, Clev 6 9, Cal 6 10, Chi 2 11

NATIONAL LEAGUE

ST. LOUIS (5-0) ace Bob Gibson could not take it anymore. In his first three starts his usually high-scoring teammates gave him no more than a run a game and the big fastballer was bogged down with an 0-1 record. So Gibson popped off at the Cards' batters and ordered more runs. They got him more—just barely. In his next start they scored two, but that was all he needed to take his first victory. The win equaled a quarter of Nelson Briles' total that has helped push the Cards' winning streak to six. Briles has now won 14 straight over two seasons. Even with the league's best hitting (.277 team average), CHICAGO (5-1) started off the season by nosing straight to the cellar. But last week, with the hitters still clicking, the pitchers, led by Bill Hands's four-hit, 10-strikeout victory, began helping out, and the Cubs looked ready to move into contention. Cookie Rojas' 10th-inning hit won one game for PHILADELPHIA (3-2). Right-hander Rick Wise, and then Wise won his next start himself when his double drove in the deciding run. NEW YORK (2-2) could have had a perfect record if shoddy fielding had not allowed six unearned runs in the two losses. The Mets saved their good days in the field for rookie ace Jerry Koosman, who won twice to bring his season's record to 4-0. SAN FRANCISCO (3-2) wasted its best pitching effort of the year, a three-hitter by Ray Sadecki, and broke the left-hander's nine-game win streak that started last August. The Giants' other pitching was less spectacular but more remunerative. Juan Marichal ran his record to 3-0 and Cy Young Award Winner Mike McCormick and Gaylord Perry both picked up five-hit victories over LOS ANGELES (2-3). The Dodgers' two wins came in the ninth inning, one on Zoilo Versalles' two-run triple and the other on rookie Luis Alcaraz' three-run homer, his first in the big leagues. CINCINNATI's (2-3) pitchers still have not thrown a complete game, and the hitters, except for versatile Pete Rose, who hit .400 for the week and ran his consecutive game-hitting streak to 13, were slumping, too, so the Reds won twice on unearned runs. Since 1962 HOUSTON (1-4) has had a 159-335 road record. After eight losses in their first nine away games, the Astro record does not figure to improve this season. ATLANTA's (1-4) Henry Aaron hit .526 for the week to bring his season's BA to .350, but the rest of the Braves' lineup averaged only .229 and the team fell to seventh place. PITTSBURGH (1-4) twice lost games in the ninth inning, and pitching star Bob Veale is getting a persecution complex—he lost his third of the year without a win although he has allowed just seven runs in four starts.

Standings: StL 12 4, SF 9 6, Ch 8 8, LA 8 8, Phil 8 8, Cin 7 8, Atl 7 9, Pitt 6 8, NY 6 9, Hou 6 9

HIGHLIGHT

It was Valentine's Day all over again for Oriole Right hander Tom Phoebus when he defeated the Red Sox 6-0 at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium Saturday. Phoebus April Valentine. Umpire Bill, that is, helped turn what began as a rotten day for the pitcher into a rosy one indeed. When Phoebus went out to the mound just about everything was wrong. A day-old sore throat still bothered him, and the raw, rainy weather did not seem likely to improve his health. To make things worse, Phoebus had not pitched in a week, and his catcher was converted Outfielder Curt Blefary, who was playing only his fourth game behind the plate. But the 26-year-old Baltimore native had told his manager, Hank Bauer, he was ready to pitch. He was, too. After two first-inning walks Phoebus settled down and allowed only one more player to reach base in recording his first and the season's first no-hitter. Striking out nine and using his hard fastball and slider to keep the batters off balance, Phoebus earned his big win but some fans felt he did it with the help of Umpire Valentine. In the third inning Boston's Mike Andrews chopped a ball back over the mound, forcing Oriole Shortstop Mark Belanger to make a charging grab and an off-balance throw. The play was very close at first, and even a few Baltimore fans gasped in surprise when Valentine thumbed Andrews out. Later Third Baseman Brooks Robinson saved Phoebus again, making a diving catch of a line drive. Aided by these plays, the sort that accompany most no-hitters, Phoebus suffered only one other letdown—when he remembered that his real Valentine, recent bride Susie, had missed seeing him pitch. She spent the afternoon in church at a christening.



ORIOLES' PHOEBUS AFTER NO-HITTER

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL ABA: NEW ORLEANS [illegible] two of three games to take a [illegible] best-of-seven [illegible] playoff. The Buccaneers [illegible] 109-101 [illegible] Red Robbins scored [illegible] points, Jimmy Jones [illegible] and Doug Moe [illegible] Pittsburgh's Connie Hawkins, the league's [illegible] Hawkins [illegible] and Robbins [illegible] Pittsburgh [illegible] the Bucs [illegible] Williams [illegible] Hawkins [illegible] New Orleans [illegible] Lynn Brown [illegible]

NBA: [illegible] BOSTON [illegible] ANGELES [illegible] two games [illegible] Baylor [illegible] the Celtics [illegible] Havlicek [illegible] Sam Jones [illegible] and Bill Russell [illegible] Russell [illegible]

BOATING BOB MOSBACHER of Dallas [illegible] the Bermuda International Race Week [illegible] winning the [illegible] Cup [illegible] series for Dragon class boats.

BOWLING PETE TOUNTAS [illegible] ABC Masters Tournament at Cincinnati [illegible] from the losers' bracket [illegible] final two-game matches from Buzz Fazio of Detroit, Mich. [illegible] 821 and 847-843.

BOXING JIMMY ELLIS of Louisville defeated Jerry Quarry in Oakland to become the WBA heavyweight champion (page 16).

GOLF CAROL MANN of Towson, Md. shot a [illegible] 214 to win the $15,000 Raleigh (N.C.) Ladies Invitational over Defending Champion Kathy Whitworth, who finished at 217 (page [illegible]). It was Miss Mann's second victory in a row.

MILLER BARBER of Sherman, Texas took the $100,000 Byron Nelson Classic in Dallas with a final-round par 70 and a 72-hole total of 270 [illegible] stroke ahead of Kermit Zarley, who finished with a course-record 64.

HARNESS RACING CARDINAL KING ($[illegible]) won the [illegible]-mile $50,000 International Pace at Yonkers Raceway by [illegible] lengths over [illegible] (page 56).

HOCKEY NHL: ST. LOUIS and MINNESOTA were tied at two games each in the West Division Stanley Cup finals. The North Stars took the second game [illegible] Parker MacDonald [illegible] and the third [illegible] Bill Goldsworthy [illegible] The fourth game went to the Blues [illegible] first Stanley Cup game [illegible] St. Louis had scored three goals [illegible] Jim Roberts with [illegible] seconds remaining [illegible] In the East Division, MONTREAL [illegible] Chicago. The Canadiens [illegible] the third game 4-[illegible] Black Hawks [illegible] Bobby Hull [illegible] goals [illegible] with the 4th game 4-1.

HORSE RACING FORWARD PASS ($4.[illegible]) won the $3[illegible] [illegible]-mile Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland by five lengths over T. V. Commercial, and CAPTAIN'S GIG ($[illegible]) took the $6,000 [illegible] furlong Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs by eight lengths over [illegible] (page [illegible]).

LACROSSE The LONG ISLAND ATHLETIC CLUB gained its [illegible] in a row [illegible] Mount Washington Lacrosse Club [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] the U.S. lacrosse club champion [illegible] in the last seven years [illegible] Hempstead, N.Y. [illegible] JOHNS HOPKINS [illegible] collegiate title last season [illegible] straight games [illegible]

MOTOR SPORTS PAUL HAWKINS and DAVID HOBBS of Great Britain, averaging 118.[illegible] mph in a GT-40, won the 1,000-kilometer Monza (Italy) race in 5:18:23.4, finishing [illegible] miles ahead of [illegible] Rolf Stommelen and Jochen Neerpasch of Germany, who drove a Porsche 907. [illegible] Olympic Alpine triple gold medalist Jean-Claude Killy, driving a [illegible] finished 10th in the 35-car field.

ROWING HARVARD's [illegible] took the Compton Cup [illegible] lengths over the [illegible] MIT intercollegiate victory [illegible] consecutive [illegible] In Philadelphia, PENN [illegible] Cup in the third straight [illegible] Yale.

SOCCER NASL: LOS ANGELES [illegible] with [illegible] Boston [illegible] while BOSTON [illegible] Detroit [illegible] DETROIT [illegible] Toronto [illegible] TORONTO [illegible] NEW YORK [illegible] OAKLAND [illegible] CLEVELAND [illegible] BALTIMORE [illegible] SAN DIEGO [illegible] Pepe Fernandez [illegible] KANSAS CITY [illegible] WASHINGTON [illegible] CHICAGO [illegible] Atlanta [illegible]

TENNIS KEN ROSEWALL [illegible] British Hard Court Championships [illegible] Bournemouth [illegible] the first tournament [illegible] new open tennis rules, defeating [illegible] in the finals (page [illegible]).

TRACK & FIELD VILLANOVA [illegible] four relay titles [illegible] sprint medley, the distance medley, the two-mile and the four-mile [illegible] at the Penn Relays at Philadelphia's Franklin Field (page [illegible]). At the Drake Relays in Des Moines VAN NELSON of St. Cloud (Minnesota) State won both the three-mile and the six-mile runs for the third year in a row, setting meet records in both events, while at the Mt. San Antonio Relays in Walnut, Calif. MARTIN McGRADY of Santa Clara Youth Village nipped Oregon's Wade Bell at the tape to win the open half mile as both were timed in 1:49.4. It was the first class half-mile race for McGrady, who is the world's fastest indoor 600-yard runner.

NADEZHDA CHIZHOVA, 22, of Leningrad set a new world women's shotput record with a heave of 61' 3", breaking the 1965 mark of Tamara Press by three inches.

MILEPOSTS BARRED: From the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City, SOUTH AFRICA, after the 71-man Olympic Committee [illegible] Brundage withdrew its earlier invitation [illegible]

APPOINTED: As head basketball coaches at the University of California at Berkeley and the University of Wisconsin, respectively, JIM PADGETT [illegible] and JOHN POWLESS [illegible] Padgett had been Cal's freshman coach since 1965 and had a [illegible] record. His replacement [illegible] assistant coach EARL ROBINSON [illegible] Robinson [illegible] 1958 after starring in basketball and baseball [illegible] Dodgers [illegible] Powless [illegible] assistant [illegible] Badgers [illegible] Florida State and the University of Cincinnati.

SIGNED: [illegible] JOHN KERR [illegible] coach the Phoenix expansion NBA team now being set up. Kerr was named Coach of the Year in 1966-67 when he led the Bulls into the NBA Western Division playoffs in their first season.

RESIGNED: As coach of the Philadelphia 76ers, ALEX HANNUM, 44, who in two seasons led the 76ers to two Eastern Division titles and one NBA championship.

RETIRED: LENNY MOORE, 34, [illegible] Baltimore Colts' [illegible] running back [illegible] football [illegible] Moore scored 113 touchdowns from 1956-1967, including 20 in 1964 [illegible] and gained [illegible] yards [illegible] championship games and holds the NFL record for the most years leading the league in rushing average [illegible]

DIED: Coach TYRUS [illegible] TERRELL, 46, and [illegible] members of his [illegible] team [illegible] when their small plane crashed en route home from the Drake Relays.

CREDITS

4 [illegible]	17 [illegible]	18 [illegible] 21
[illegible]	22 23	[illegible]
[illegible] 25 [illegible]	[illegible] 55	[illegible]
[illegible] 56 [illegible] 63	[illegible] 65 [illegible]	[illegible]
85 [illegible] 86	[illegible]	[illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



VIC AMBROSE, [illegible] freshman from New York City who plays second base on the University of Albuquerque varsity baseball team, set an NCAA record for stolen bases with [illegible]. At the same time Vic compiled a .400 batting average and hit safely in 32 of 36 games.



LISA SHEFCHIK, [illegible] Duluth, Minn. seventh grader who began diving one year ago, was the first girl to enter the city [illegible] high school open diving championship. She scored 68[illegible] points to win the event over 10 boys, finishing [illegible] 5 points higher than the runner-up.



WILLIAM RITCH, [illegible] lacrosse coach at Sewanhaka High School in Floral Park on Long Island for 18 years, won his 200th game over Garden City High School 12-2 against 33 losses and one tie. Ritch's longest winning streak was 91 games from 1948 to 195[illegible].



RENALDO BROWN, a 6' 4" junior at Compton (Calif.) High, leaped 7' [illegible]" for a national interscholastic high jump record at the Compton Cup Invitational track meet after spiking himself at 6' 7¾". It was one inch higher than Clarence Johnson's 1966 mark.



DEBBIE SENTNEY, 15, of Norwood, Ohio, a 124 bowler, said "I just wanted to make my mom proud of me" after her 485 scratch series (647 with her handicap) took the girls' division at the American Junior Bowling Congress tournament in Cincinnati.



MIKE WALKER of Alhambra, Calif. won the men's singles and doubles and teamed with Chris Burton to take the mixed doubles at the National Junior Badminton Championships at the University of Delaware in Newark. Miss Burton also swept the ladies' events.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LAST CHANCE

Sirs

As a result of your article on the Red River Gorge (*Operation Build and Destroy*, April 1), my wife and I went to Kentucky for four days to visit the site and its area. We also discussed the matter with proponents and opponents of the proposed dam. From this brief survey our conclusions are: 1) the gorge must be saved as a unique educational and recreational resource whose accessibility and proximity to growing urban population centers will make it especially valuable in the years ahead; and 2) the needs of the people of the Red River valley for flood protection and jobs must be recognized, but these needs can be met in other ways.

There is still a slight chance to save the gorge if sufficient interest is shown by concerned parties. At the request of Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Congress will hold a final set of hearings in Washington on May 7 and 8. Persons interested in seeing that this vital national resource be preserved should write at once to The Honorable Michael J. Kirwan, chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Public Works, to Senator Allen J. Ellender, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee on Public Works, to Senator Cooper and to their own Senators and Congressmen.

Without such a display of genuine interest by those of us who feel that environmental rights are as important to the nation as civil rights, this magnificent and priceless living laboratory may well be lost to all our children forever.

W. E. BERMINGHAM
Headmaster, Sterling School
Craftsbury Common, Vt.

PRAISE FOR THE MASTERS

Sirs

In his preview of this year's Masters Tournament (*New Challengers for the Old Masters*, April 8) Alfred Wright recites his preferred viewpoint of our tournament as follows:

"The Augusta National is a course of such sophisticated design that only the best and most versatile golfer of the moment, impervious to the most intense pressure, can prevail through the full 72-hole test. Why else would it be that in 11 of the last 13 years the Masters champion was either first or second on the money-winning list for the entire year?"

I want you to know that I think this description is one of the nicest and best expressed I have ever read about the Masters. I think a gentleman in Atlanta by the name of R. T. Jones Jr. will feel the same way about it. Accordingly, I am sending him a copy of this letter.

CLIFFORD ROBERTS
Augusta, Ga.

MASTERLY PHOTOGRAPHS

Sirs

I would like to praise the photographers. The color photographs that accompanied Alfred Wright's coverage of the Masters (*Golf's Craziest Drama*, April 22) were the very best I have ever seen. Marvin E. Newman, Tony Triolo and Neil Leifer captured all the excitement of the tournament in these photos and deserve to be highly commended.

DANNY BAGDADE
Detroit

Sirs

The picture taken by Walter Iooss Jr. of Wilt Chamberlain and Walt Bellamy (*Push Comes to Shove*, April 15) is by far the finest sports picture I have ever seen.

ROBERT FELLMAN
Rydal, Pa.

LEGACY

Sirs

As an Indianapolis driver I would like to add just a few comments to Graham Hill's *A Farewell to Jimmy Clark* (April 22). Jimmy Clark probably accomplished more in his 32 years than any driver in history. His record speaks for itself, but what hasn't been mentioned is Jim's influence in bringing drivers from all aspects of motor racing together. By their success with the Lotus Fords at Indianapolis, Jim and Colin Chapman completely revolutionized the sport as we know it in the U.S. Jimmy also competed, in 1967, in a stock-car race at Rockingham, N.C., and, last fall in the USAC Rex Mays Memorial 300 in Riverside, Calif. I can't help but reminisce about some of the times we were together, particularly on our trip to Japan two years ago when I had an opportunity to spend some time with him. He had a tremendous influence on me, and I believe that he had the same effect on many of the other Indianapolis drivers.

Now that he is gone, I think it is a challenge to those of us who knew him to try to live up to his example, because Jimmy Clark, more than anybody else, gave the sport of auto racing *class*.

MARIO ANDRETTI
Speedway, Ind.

NATE'S SHOES

Sirs

In the article on the NBA division playoffs (*Push Comes to Shove*, April 15), SPORTS ILLUSTRATED describes Nate Thurmond's role as a radio color announcer for the San Francisco-Los Angeles finals and mentions that the broadcast was sponsored in part by Nate Thurmond basketball shoes. SI then states that "it is a bit jarring, of course, to hear the announcer speak of perfect comfort while wearing the Nate Thurmond shoe while the principal sits there recovering from a wrecked knee received while wearing the Nate Thurmond shoe."

As Mr. Thurmond's personal business agent and his partner in Nate Thurmond Products Co., manufacturers of Nate Thurmond basketball shoes, I take exception to the implication that there is a relationship between Mr. Thurmond's wearing these shoes and his injury. In fact, the injury was caused by a collision on the court with another player.

I hope that you will set the record straight.

RONALD KAY
Nate Thurmond Products Co.
New York City

• The remark was made in jest, but SI is glad to publish Mr. Kay's statement for the benefit of readers who may have received an erroneous impression. ED.

THE BARBER

Sirs

I have just finished reading Sal Maglie's article, *Baseball Is a Tough Business* (April 15 and 22). Maglie does not need the Red Sox. They need him, and so does baseball. It's people like Sal Maglie and Leo Durocher and Bill Veeck who make baseball a colorful sport. And the fans love them! The Dodgers thought the game had passed Durocher by, but he took a 10th place team to third, and in the Cubs' home opener this season he received a standing ovation when introduced to the crowd. I hope men like Maglie and Veeck get back into baseball and soon. They love the game. It is not just a business to them. Congratulations for one of the best articles to appear in SI in the 11 years I've been a subscriber.

KEN LEVY
Nashville

Sirs

After reading his article, I find it difficult to understand how Sal Maglie ever lost 62 games. It is, however, quite evident why Dick Williams refused to rehire him as pitching coach. If Maglie's coaching is anything like his obnoxious conceit, baseball will lose one of its "all time greats" not only for 1968 but, hopefully, forever.

STEVEN RUSMAN
DICK SLATER
NEIL BARNETT
Marietta, Ohio

continued





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19TH NOLE *continued*

Sirs:

I am a Red Sox fan. I admire Jim Lonborg, Dick Williams, Sal Maglie and the rest of the Sox. But after reading Sal's account of how Williams let Lonborg take the beating in the seventh game of the World Series when he could have put in any one of many pitchers in the bullpen, I think that Williams should have been fired instead of Maglie.

After all, if it hadn't been for Lonborg the Red Sox wouldn't even have been in that seventh game.

CHARLES LORE

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sirs:

Dick Williams is a manager who knows just what he's talking about. He's no fool. If Maglie had thought twice about it he would have realized why Jim Lonborg was kept in the seventh game of the World Series, even though the Cardinals were hitting well off him. It would have broken the hearts of many New Englanders if Williams had taken Jim out. And how could the rest of the team even try their best to win knowing that the one who had brought them so far had been removed from the game? Jim deserved to pitch that last game, and in my opinion he won it!

And don't worry about his skiing accident. He'll be able to bounce back and be just as effective in May as he was all last season.

P. A. MARTIN

Taunton, Mass.

FOUR-HOLE PLAYOFF

Sirs:

Alfred Wright's article, *In Case of a Tie, a Vote for Russian Roulette* (April 15), presents a very strong case for the abandonment of the present 18-hole playoff rule in golf. The harassed officials, the exhausted club committees, the fatigued spectators and the anxious TV viewers all suffer from this present policy.

On the other side of the coin, Palmer, Nicklaus and Casper present a valid point for the 18-hole playoff in that sudden-death is not a fair test for the players. Too many freak occurrences can give the title to one man without establishing his clear superiority over another.

It would seem to me that the answer lies in a playoff that would allow for continuation of play at the conclusion of the regular tournament and still provide a fair test for the golfers. My suggestion is a four-hole playoff (on those holes already set up for TV coverage) with the winner chosen on either match- or medal-play results. This would go a long way toward satisfying everyone's needs.

PETER STERN

New York City

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

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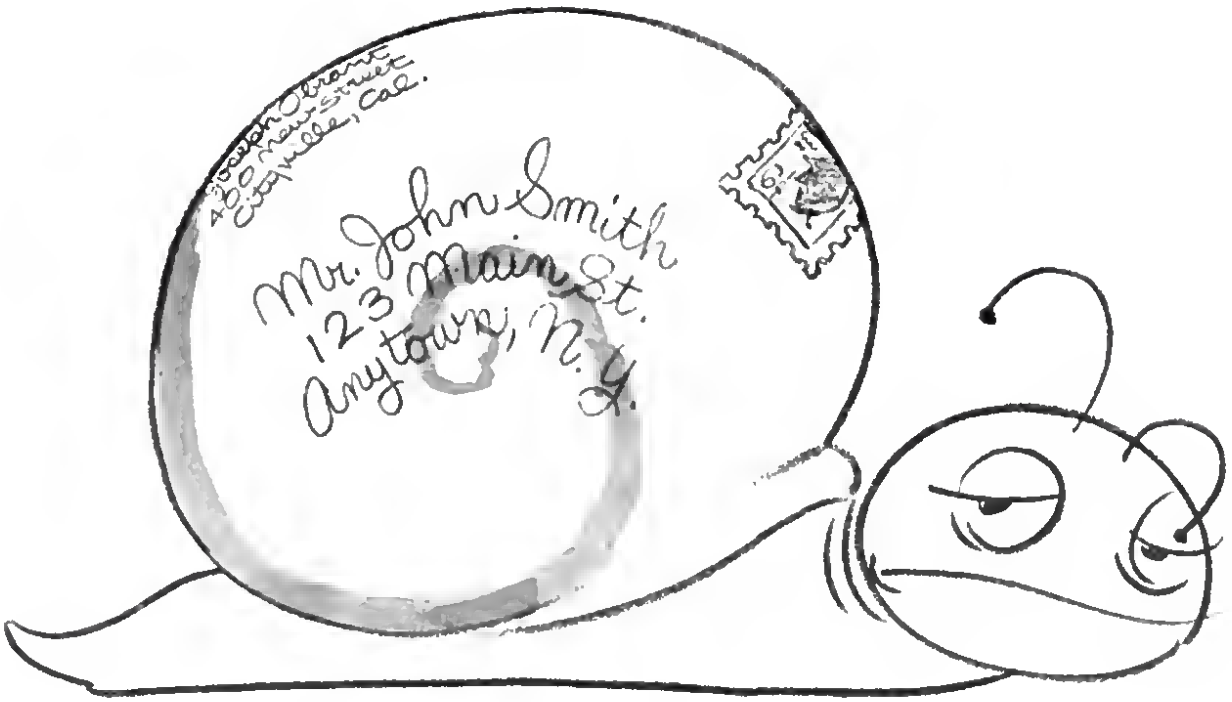
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ADVERTISING COUNCIL

Long before the Twins and the Vikings came to town, they were playing ball in Minnesota, and they were playing for keeps. They called it ball, but it was more like intertribal warfare **by BILL MacKAY**

When the Indians Tied the Redskins Three All

The fans in Metropolitan Stadium these days get pretty excited about the fate of the Vikings or the Twins, but the current crop are a tame lot compared to the sports fans who hollered it up in Bloomington, Minn. over three hectic days some 115 years ago.

The action in those days involved neither football nor baseball, but a game known simply as "ball," or the Dakota Indian equivalent of same. The Indians were playing this game long before the white man came to their country, and though the Canadians later adopted it, tamed it and called it lacrosse, the game as played in Bloomington in the 19th century and earlier bore a closer resemblance to an urban riot or an intertribal war than to anything seen in organized sport today.

Try to visualize some 250 nearly naked men and boys sprinting up and down a half-mile field bearing stout three-foot clubs with net pockets. Their bodies are painted in various shades of blue, red and yellow and adorned with fox tails and wildly tinkling bells. Ranging along the sidelines like third-base coaches as the men run up and down are medicine men masterminding the game. They are dressed in outlandish costumes and chant weird incantations while hordes of spectators—old men, women and children—scream encouragement to one team or the other. The cheering is more than token encouragement, for in all likelihood every piece of property owned by each fan's family is riding on the game's outcome.

For lack of diligent sportswriters many great contests among the Dakotas must have gone unreported, but the *Dakota Friend*, a monthly newspaper published by the Mission at Fort Snelling and edited by the Rev. Gideon Pond had its man (the editor) on hand to cover one great series of games played over three days in the month of June 1852.

The site on which this contest took place is several score Harmon Killebrew home runs from Metropolitan Stadium. Aside from the fact that it was situated roughly midway between their rival camps, the contestants undoubtedly chose it because it offered a considerable stretch of open terrain. Today the area is occupied by $30,000 homes owned by pursuers of the good life as it is practiced in upper midwestern suburbia, but in 1852 it was a kind of extra-urban no man's land.

By that time Bloomington had already become far too civilized for the woods-loving Indians. Situated along a main road that skirted the Minnesota River from Fort Snelling to Fort Ridgely, some 50 miles to the south, the community boasted two hotels and the only river ferry for miles up and down stream: this made it almost a metropolis. Even though they had little use for such urban surroundings, substantial numbers of Dakotas made their homes in what might be called the Bloomington suburbs so as to be able to trade their hides and pelts for guns, blankets, whiskey and other necessities of life available at Fort Snelling.

Many experts have called the Dakotas the most highly developed of all the western tribes and the bravest in wartime. Even if they had never aimed a bow and arrow in wartime, the Dakotas would have to be highly rated for bravery just for the way they played their game of ball. It took a staunch man to cradle a ball of rawhide in a net of thongs and head into a crowd of linebackers intent on stopping him by whatever means might come to hand.

A historian named Frederick Webb Hodge has described the way the Dakotas played their game in a *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico*. He makes it sound much like contemporary lacrosse without the rule book. The crosse, or club, says Hodge, was strung with netting like that of a loose tennis racket and the goals were much like those used today, except that the webbing was of deerhide thongs. Players on either side, according to Hodge, could number as few as 10 or as many as 100. But the game he describes so formally seems to have had little in common with the wild shinny that went on in Bloomington.

According to Pond, the Dakotas of the Minnesota Territory merely marked off two lines about half a mile apart and defied each other to carry a ball across them. The one firm rule of their game was that no man could touch the ball with his hand, but this seemed more a matter of religion than athletics. The ball was a sacred object and must not be profaned.

There is no available record to give us the box scores of the seasons that led up to the Bloomington series. Indeed there is no firm evidence as to why the series was scheduled at all, though planned and scheduled it must have been.

All Indian ball games were rooted in religion and were accompanied by a great deal of ceremony and ritual, and it may be that the Bloomington games were timed to match a religious festival

continued

that took place there each year when the trees were in full leaf. Whatever the occasion, the underlying purpose of the games was simple: pure greed. Like his white conqueror, the first American had one weakness: he could not resist betting his guns, his horses, his blankets, and, as Pond gloomily observed, even the kettle in which his squaw cooked the food for his family on the outcome of a contest. "How," moaned the good Mr. Pond, "can the Dakotas be otherwise than poor?"

One of the contesting factions had journeyed some 10 miles upriver from the southwest. Known as the Shakopees, it was led by Chief Little Six, a belligerent type who 10 years later was to be one of the leaders of a Sioux uprising that earned a place as one of the bloodiest events in the often bloody annals of settler-Indian relations.

The opposing team consisted of three separate bands led by a trio of chiefs known as Good-Road, Sky-Man and Grey-Iron. They came from the wilderness about six miles north of Bloomington on the shores of Lake Calhoun, one of a chain of four lakes scattered along what is now the western edge of Minneapolis.

So, while the Shakopees trekked northeastward, these three bands at Lake Calhoun struck their tepees and headed south. Every living thing—braves, squaws, children, horses and dogs—journeyed to Bloomington, each family lugging along all its physical assets.

After a Sunday afternoon and evening of ceremonial dancing, prayer, fasting and frantic laying of bets, the combatants took the field on Monday morning, June 14. According to Pond, Six's band had wagered 16 guns (six of them double-barreled), eight horses and blankets, along with various calicoes, belts and garters, worth at least $800. The partisans of Grey-Iron, Good-Road and Sky-Man had covered all bets.

There were no scorecards available as the opening game got under way in Bloomington, but they wouldn't have been much use even if they had existed. Obviously, no Indian rookie had to worry over whether or not he'd make the team; there was room for everyone. Pond reported that some 250 men and boys joined in, nearly outnumbering the 300-odd spectators who cheered them on.

Three games were played on that day, and the downriver Shakopees, or Sixes, won them all. It cost the bunch from Lake Calhoun very dearly. Forget about tribal honor—they dropped about $2,600 worth of property. And on the wild frontier, it must be remembered, a dollar was a substantial piece of money.

The Calhouns were down all right, but they certainly were not out. They had, it seems, a secret weapon. As the teams assembled on Tuesday, the Calhouns introduced a ball of awesome power that had been made long ago by an old war prophet named Ehakeku. Ehakeku was a medicine man of widespread fame who had made his reputation by setting fire to one of the largest buildings in the white settlement of St. Peter some 70 miles to the south.

Now there is nothing new to organized sport about a magic ball. Any basketball fan who has ever felt his heart in his mouth while a cinch layup tottered perversely on the rim of a basket before dropping away, anyone who has ever watched a sure double play flip piquantly over a shortstop's glove, anyone who has ever seen his easy putt take a sharp left turn just this side of the cup, knows that a ball is a toy of the Powers of Darkness. The thing about the Dakota Indians was that they had sense enough to leave the manufacture of such things to men who understood their powers.

Minnesota's medicine men enjoyed an absolute monopoly on ball manufacture. There were no official rules. Some preferred to stuff deerhide with hair or moss, others used a rounded knot of wood. Others employed a hide-covered ball of moistened clay, measuring about 2½ inches in diameter, which hardened to something like rock. The netted circle at the end of their club, incidentally, was only a slight bit larger than the ball's diameter.

What gave each ball its special power was that the medicine man infused into it the spirit of the particular god that inspired him, after which he painted it to suit the caprice of the god. Whatever it was that Ehakeku breathed into the particular ball used that day, it worked wonders.

Promptly at 11 a.m. this primitive spaldeen was tossed into the air in the center of the field midway between the two goal lines—much like the basketball center jump—and, in Rev. Pond's words, "two to three hundred men rushed for it as for their lives." The Calhouns won both games, and the series stood at 3-2, in favor of the Shakopees.

But while the god that resided in Ehakeku's ball had a great day, other gods fared less well. One of the things that made a medicine man among the Dakotas so powerful was that he had a god residing inside him. One might suppose this would make him immune to injuries from mere mortals, but not so. While the older medicine men at Bloomington raced up and down doing their best to magic out a victory from the sidelines, the younger ones took part in the game, and one of them, young Visible Mouth, got himself clobbered. What's worse, he was clobbered right on the side in the very place where his medicine god lived. The blow obviously clobbered the god as well and put an end to the Calhouns' streak. The second day's play came to a confused end after two games as Visible Mouth's professional colleagues rushed onto the field to minister to the dual injury.

The two squads had at each other once more at 10 a.m. on Wednesday with some $300 to $400 worth of merchandise riding on the outcome. Evidently Ehakeku's hall was still psyching the Sixes, because the Calhouns won again to square the series at 3-3.

How many games the Indians intended to play is unknown. Perhaps until one side had bankrupted the other. As things turned out there never was any deciding contest, for following the sixth game, the series was brought to a sudden stop in the midst of high argument. Pond notes that Indian ball usually ended that way.

By that time some $4,600 worth of property had been won and lost. Some of the Sixes reneged on paying off. Just as the Calhouns were reaching for their rifles and tomahawks, the band of Little Crow—a surly lot whose talent for murder was renowned—showed up to assist the Sixes. The bands of Good-Road, Sky-Man and Grey-Iron prudently withdrew.

We can suppose that some of the Sixes diluted their dark fury with wait-'til-next-year hopes. If so, they were too late. As it turned out, the games played on those three days were the last significant ones ever played in the region. Six years later Minnesota became a state, and the noble Dakotas were removed to government reservations far to the north and west. **END**



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